

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,589



MAY 12, 1900

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

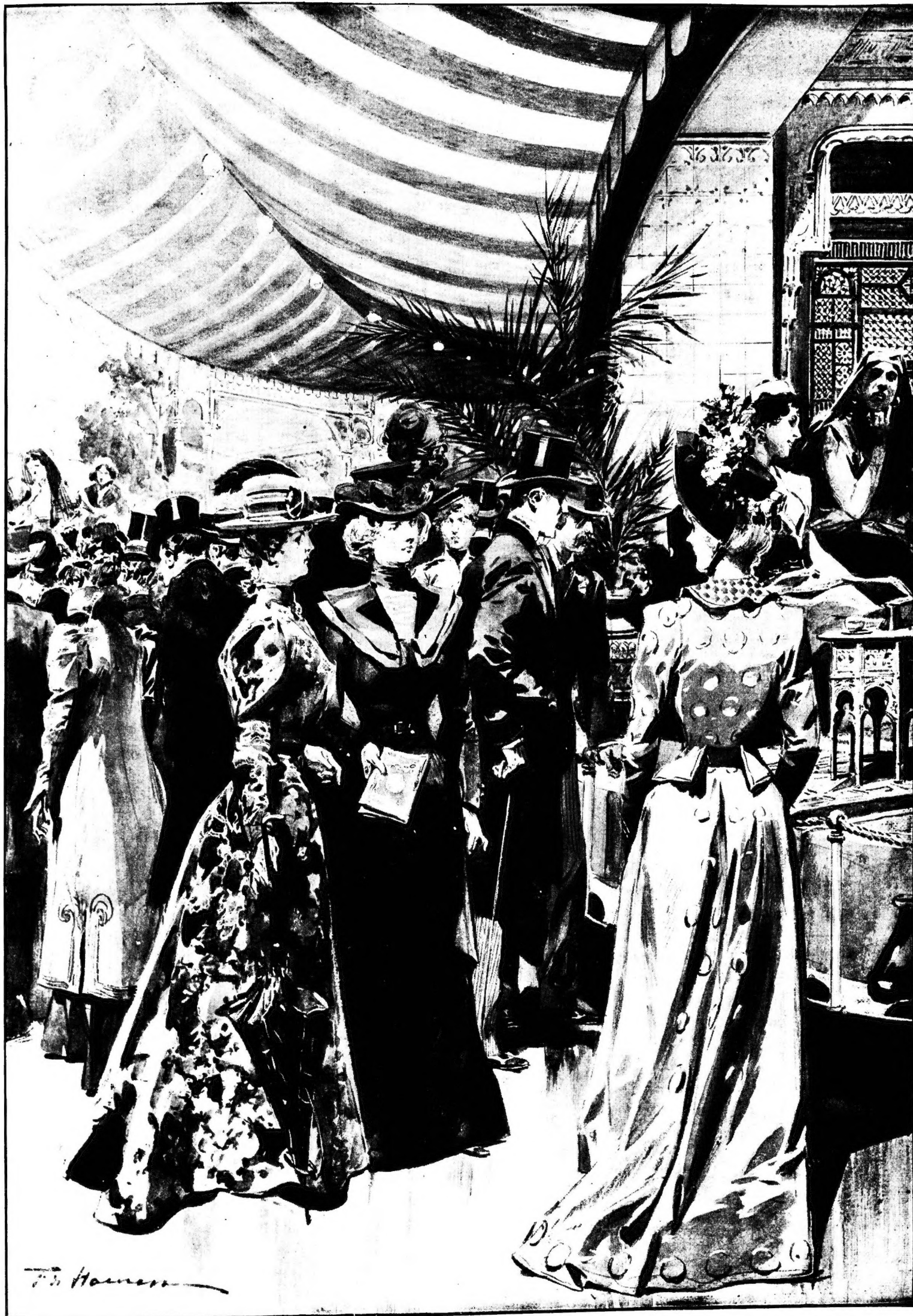
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EDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1900

WITH EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT  
"The Naval Brigade in London"

PRICE NINEPENCE  
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The Lady Mayoress last Saturday opened the Woman's Exhibition at Earl's Court. The idea of the Exhibition is to show the home life, work and pastimes of the women of all nations. In the Empress Theatre is to be seen what may be termed a "beauty show," for there are gathered women of all nationalities in their picturesque costumes

THE WORLD OF WOMEN: THE "BEAUTY SHOW" AT THE EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



## Topics of the Week

### A Lesson to Europe

A WEEK full of moving events has come to an end. Lord Robert's rapid advance to the north of the Orange Free State—the strategical aspects of which are dealt with elsewhere—has revealed to the country all the great resources of generalship and organisation still possessed by our military system, and has confirmed the nation's confidence in the gallantry, discipline, and dash of the Army. As this northern march proceeds the real magnitude of our military task in South Africa becomes stupendously apparent. Judged by Continental standards, the manipulation of an Army of 200,000 men is perhaps not a very great thing, but when it is remembered that this Army is operating some six thousand miles from the Mother Country, and that it has already a thousand miles of communications to protect, it is not difficult to see that it is engaged in an enterprise which even the gigantic military establishments of our European neighbours would not embark upon with a very light heart. The country has put forth its power and intelligence, and the effect is apparent elsewhere than in South Africa. The increasing respect with which the foreign Press speaks of this country, and especially the flattering references to Great Britain recently made in Berlin in connection with the meeting of the Emperors, constitute a significant tribute to the revelation of British power of which South Africa is just now the theatre. When the war is over the British Army will have gone through an ordeal which will be worth to it many Army Corps if only its lessons are properly applied. It will have worked out practically the problems which have engaged the attention of M. Bloch and many others of which his ingenious mind never dreamt. This experience should prove a fresh source of strength to the Empire, and should enable its diplomacy to assert itself again with something of its old spirit. What we are proving in South Africa to-day is a great deal more than our capacity to vanquish the Boers and establish British supremacy from the Cape to the Zambesi, great though that task is. So far as foreign Powers are concerned the campaign is above all a test of the solidarity of the Empire and of the ability of the Mother Country to protect its numerous and remote dependencies. Before this war broke out a dangerous impression was abroad that our responsibilities had outrun our resources, and that the Empire was a loose and artificial aggregation of incongruous communities, which only had to be touched to fall to pieces. The magnificent spontaneity with which the Colonies have rallied to the assistance of the Mother Land, the wonderful efficiency of our sea transport, the ubiquitous readiness of the fleet, and the remarkable resources of military material which the nation has discovered, albeit tardily, have completely wrecked the delusions of our enemies. The world now knows that the British Empire is a solid reality, and that the tradition of its power is no mere legend. What we are doing in South Africa to-day we can do again anywhere in the wide expanse of the Queen's dominions. The teaching of this lesson will be worth not a few of the sacrifices the war has cost us.

### The Commonwealth Bill

It is a curious paradox that one of the clauses in the Commonwealth Bill which probably least interested the Australian people should be the subject of most controversy now that the Bill is awaiting the sanction of the Imperial Parliament. The question whether appeals should lie from Australian Courts to the Privy Council is one which, by the nature of things, cannot directly affect the mass of any community. Happily, in Australia, as here, it is only a small minority of people who ever go to law at all, and a still smaller minority are in a position to carry litigation to the point of appealing to a tribunal 15,000 miles across the ocean. Nevertheless it is easy to understand how banking and insurance companies, and firms of ship-owners may attach considerable value from a purely practical point of view to the jurisdiction of the Privy Council. That Court, although it is dowdy and slow, does preserve the uniformity of mercantile law throughout the Empire, and for a mercantile people that is a matter of no mean importance. On the other hand, it is easily intelligible that the Australian lawyers, who had a large hand in framing the Commonwealth Bill, should object to appeals being carried beyond their ken. They drafted the Bill accordingly, and now that the Bill as a whole has been accepted by a popular vote, they plead that every line and every word in it are sacred, and that the Imperial Parliament will be committing a high crime and misdemeanour if it ventures to make a single amendment. It is satisfactory to note that this extreme view has been repudiated by one of the Federal delegates, Mr. Dickson, of Queensland; nor does the telegram of the Premiers appear to countenance the almost angry line taken by Mr. Barton, of New South Wales, and his other colleagues. It is, of course, easy to read many meanings into the concise language of a telegram, but the most obvious meaning of the Premier's message appeared to be: "We have not the slightest objection to your amending the Bill on this point, only we dare not say so, because

we are pledged to our constituents to go on with the Bill in the form in which it was submitted to the referendum." Let the incident be a warning to politicians at home who lightly talk of the desirability of substituting legislation by referendum for legislation by a Parliament.

### Blood is Thicker than Water

THE eloquent eulogium bestowed by the Kaiser on the Triple Alliance as a guarantee of European peace might almost have been extended to a fourth unofficial member of this league. In the case of Great Britain peace stands before all other interests, and it is always with extreme reluctance that she draws the sword. Recognising the sincerity of this traditional British policy, the Kaiser has latterly thrice made occasion to draw England and Germany closer together for mutual advantage. He would prefer, no doubt, that this country should formally join the Triple Alliance. But that being impracticable, his profound statesmanship has substituted the alternative of providing warm friendships between his own subjects and those of Queen Victoria. This endeavour, so clear, so insistent, and so palpably the outcome of conviction, has already met with general sympathetic response in the British Isles, and the Kaiser may rest assured that in no other part of the world was there more genuine feeling in the felicitations of the nations on the coming of age of the Crown Prince. All the more credit is due to the Emperor for striving to tone down those asperities which have unhappily grown up between Germany and England when it is remembered that he risked his popularity to some extent by taking that course. But it will not be very long before his subjects recognise, as their wise ruler does, the immense gain certain to result to the kindred nations from remembering that "blood is thicker than water," and the Kaiser's message to Lord Curzon no less than the contribution made by Germany, at his instigation to the Indian Famine Fund, will not readily be forgotten here. So long as this consanguinity is borne in mind, and acted upon by both peoples in international affairs, there will be no fear for the maintenance of European peace.

### The Ashanti Revolt

ALTHOUGH the Ashanti rising has developed a more serious character than appeared probable at first, its suppression can hardly be a prolonged affair unless the adjacent tribes throw in their lot with the insurgents. If that happened, a substantial force, stiffened with white troops, might be required to rehabilitate the shattered edifice of law and order. Happily, the Ashantis made themselves universally detested by their neighbours during the reign of King Koffee, nor did the adjoining tribes evince the least disposition to befriend King Prempeh when he fell under British displeasure. If any serious reverse were to betide our arms, there is no saying how far the revolt might not extend. African savages believe in what they see much more than in what they hear. To them the British Empire and its fighting resources are measured by the number of soldiers in the field, coupled with the degree of success they achieve. All the rest is but "leather and prunella" to these unlearned barbarians; if you were to tell them that England now has more than 200,000 soldiers engaged in another part of the Dark Continent, the statement would make no impression whatever upon their minds. But they are quite open to such teaching as some of them have already received from the Lagos constabulary, while, in spite of the courage which comes from preponderating numerical strength, they have not delivered a successful assault on the little fort at Kumasi. If, therefore, it is sufficiently furnished with food and ammunition, it ought to be able to hold out until strong reinforcements from the coast sweep away its multitudinous besiegers.

### The Coal Crisis

ALTHOUGH the decision of the associated colliery proprietors to increase the price of railway coals by 50 per cent. does not directly touch the purse of the householder, it is pretty certain to do so indirectly, and that to no slight extent. In self-defence the companies will advance their rates for both passengers and goods, thus taxing the head of every family both for holiday excursions and for domestic supplies. All this is bad enough, but the disastrous effect likely to be produced on our foreign trade has a still more grave aspect. The cost of conveying heavy goods from the inland manufacturing districts to the coast for shipment is already matter for complaint, and not without reason. But if these charges are largely augmented, in consequence of the increased price of railway fuel, it is certain that our export business will be seriously crippled. In a rightly regulated condition of society, every railway company would be the owner of collieries proportionate in producing power to its ordinary requirements. Most of them manufacture their own plant, either in part or in whole, and save money by doing so. But in the vital matter of fuel they have tamely allowed supply to remain under private control, trusting that by playing off one proprietor against another, they would always be able to contract on fairly advantageous terms. It apparently never occurred to their directors that this method of arrangement left an opening for the creation of a monopoly by combination among pit-owners.

## The Court

THE QUEEN's present stay at Windsor being brief, a great deal is being crowded into the short time before Her Majesty starts for Balmoral on the 22nd inst. Following the Review of the Naval Brigade last week, a series of Royal visitors at the Castle, and a three days' stay in town for the Drawing Room, have left the Queen little leisure this week. Her Majesty warmly welcomed the King and Queen of Sweden and Norway to Windsor, their visit being quite a formal affair, with a guard of honour at the station and a troop of Life Guards to escort them to the Castle. Princess Beatrice and Prince Christian welcomed their Majesties at the station, while the Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, received them at the Sovereigns' entrance of the Castle. A large luncheon-party was given in the Swedish guests' honour, and after numerous presentations King Oscar and Queen Sophia left in the same State as on their arrival. A little later came Prince Kotohito of Japan, also received with considerable ceremony, and introduced to the Queen by Prince Louis of Battenberg. The Japanese Prince dined with Her Majesty, Princess Christian also joining the Royal party. Other guests were the new and the departing Servian Ministers, who respectively presented their credentials and letters of recall, and the Bishop of Stepney, who stayed at the Castle from Saturday to Monday to preach before the Queen in the private chapel on Sunday morning. As usual, Prince Arthur of Connaught came over from Eton to lunch on Sunday.

For the second time this spring Londoners have welcomed the Queen for a few days' stay in their midst. Her Majesty remained at Buckingham Palace from Thursday to Saturday, the main object of the visit being to hold the Drawing Room on Friday. As probably this is the only Drawing Room at which the Queen will be present, it promised to be the most crowded of the season, but only the diplomatic circle and a few other lucky individuals would be received by Her Majesty, her place being taken by the Princess of Wales for the general company. The Queen was anxious, however, to be present when Princess Margaret of Connaught made her *début*, as the Princess is a great favourite with her grandmother and has spent much of her life with Her Majesty. Royalty would muster largely at the Drawing Room in honour of the young Princess.

The Queen's interest in her wounded soldiers is untiring, for Her Majesty is going to Netley again next Wednesday to visit the sick returned from the front. Another notable fixture for next week will be the christening of the Duke and Duchess of York's last baby, which takes place in the private chapel at Windsor Castle on Thursday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will be in town until Whitsuntide, which they intend to spend at Sandringham. They, too, have been exchanging visits with our Royal guests—the King of Sweden and Prince Kotohito of Japan, the Prince's call at Marlborough House being immediately returned by the Prince of Wales at the Japanese Legation. The Prince and Princess paid the Swedish Sovereigns a less formal visit, driving down with Princess Victoria on Sunday afternoon to Roehampton to take tea with the King and Queen. Congratulations on their providential escape continue to pour in upon the Prince and Princess, the Portuguese Minister bringing them an address from the Lisbon Houses of Parliament, while the subject was specially mentioned at the Royal Academy dinner when the Prince was present on Saturday night. King Oscar of Sweden and the Japanese Prince were among the guests. The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria had previously seen the Academy pictures at the Royal Private View, and they have been spending their evenings at the various theatres, sometimes accompanied by the Prince and sometimes by the Duchess of Fife. The Prince was present on Monday, with the Lords of the Admiralty, at Whitehall, for the inspection of the Naval Brigade from the *Powerful*, to whom Londoners gave such a rousing welcome for their gallantry at Ladysmith. As soon as the bluejackets and their guns were assembled on the Horse Guards' Parade, under the command of Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, the Prince proceeded to the inspection, and at the close spoke to all the officers, congratulating them most heartily. The Prince also attended the first presentation for degrees of the University of London at its new seat in South Kensington, while the Princess came to the Albert Hall to distribute prizes to the successful students from the London Schools of the Girls' Public Day Schools Company. She took the place of Princess Louise, who is in deep mourning for her father-in-law, the late Duke of Argyll. The Prince and Princess have most cheering accounts of the improving health of their youngest daughter, Princess Maud, who has just gone home to Copenhagen, after three months' stay with her husband, Prince Charles of Denmark, at Mentone.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are back in England for a short visit. After spending Saturday to Monday with their daughters at their old home, Bagshot Park, the Duke and Duchess went to Northumberland for a few days' visit to Earl and Countess Grey at Hawick Hall. They returned to town in time for Princess Margaret's appearance at the Drawing Room, while to-day (Saturday) the Duke goes to Bushey to lay the foundation-stone of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys. He returns to Dublin on the 21st.

Princesses Christian and Beatrice have plenty of charitable duties on hand. Princess Beatrice went down to Portsmouth on Monday to open a Bazaar in aid of the 1st Hants Engineer Volunteers, and took the opportunity to lay the foundation-stone of the new church of St. Barnabas—an offshoot from the Portsea Parish Church. Princess Christian, on Thursday, opened a Variety Sale at Chelsea House in aid of the Chelsea Girls' Club.

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

The ambulance train shown in our illustration bringing wounded Boers and British prisoners from Colenso had just arrived at Pretoria from Molder Spruit when the photograph was taken. The unhappy prisoners had made the journey in the goods van, and scanty ventilation and the darkness of the van made travelling very uncomfortable and trying

### HOW THE BRITISH PRISONERS TRAVEL TO PRETORIA: AT THE RAILWAY STATION



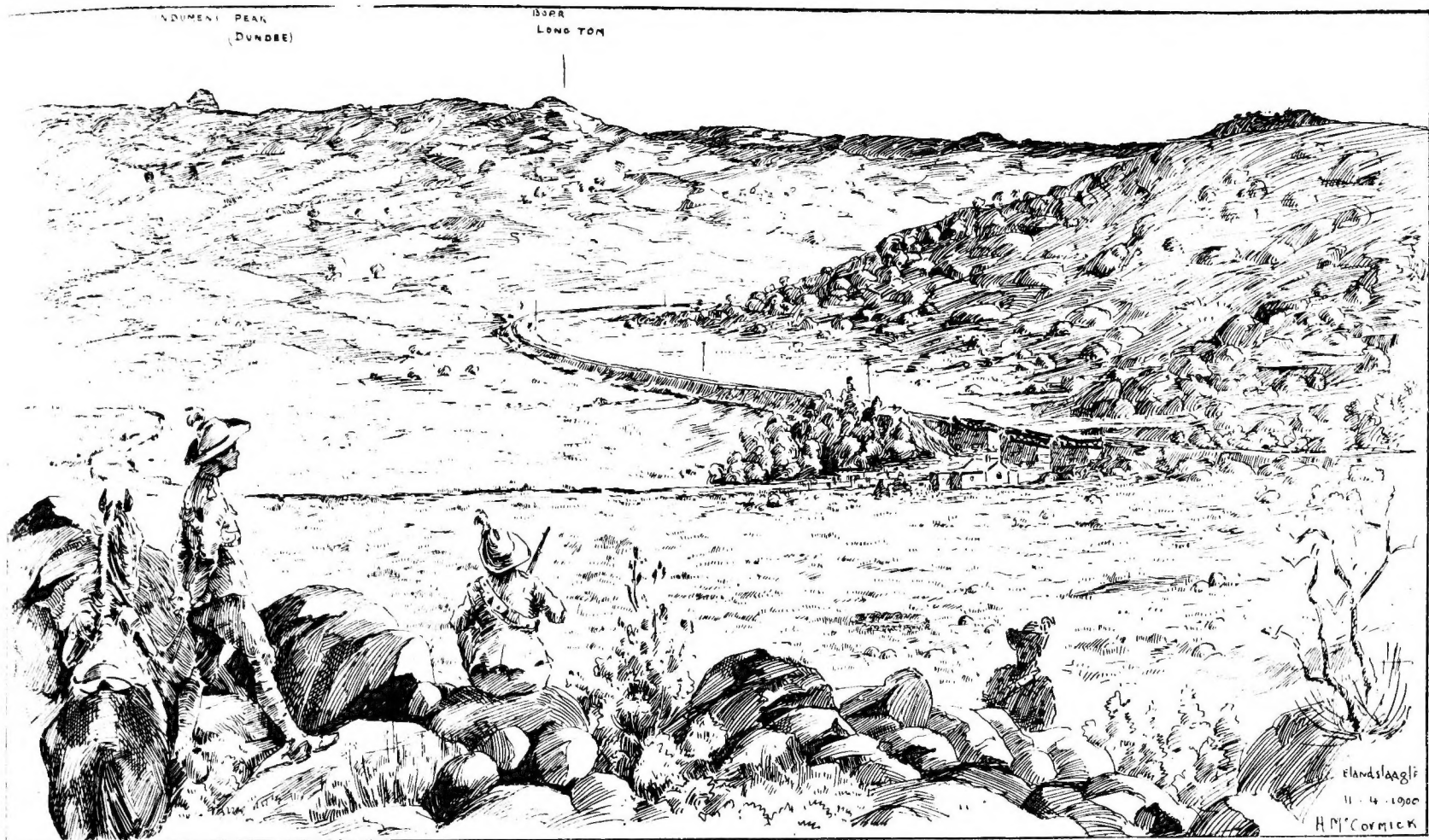
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

There are not many luxuries to be obtained while campaigning in South Africa, and pineapples at twopence each are a great boon. It is doubtful whether our soldiers ever saw good pineapples sold at so cheap a price

### PINEAPPLES AT TWOPENCE EACH: A SCENE IN CAMP AT CHIEVELEY



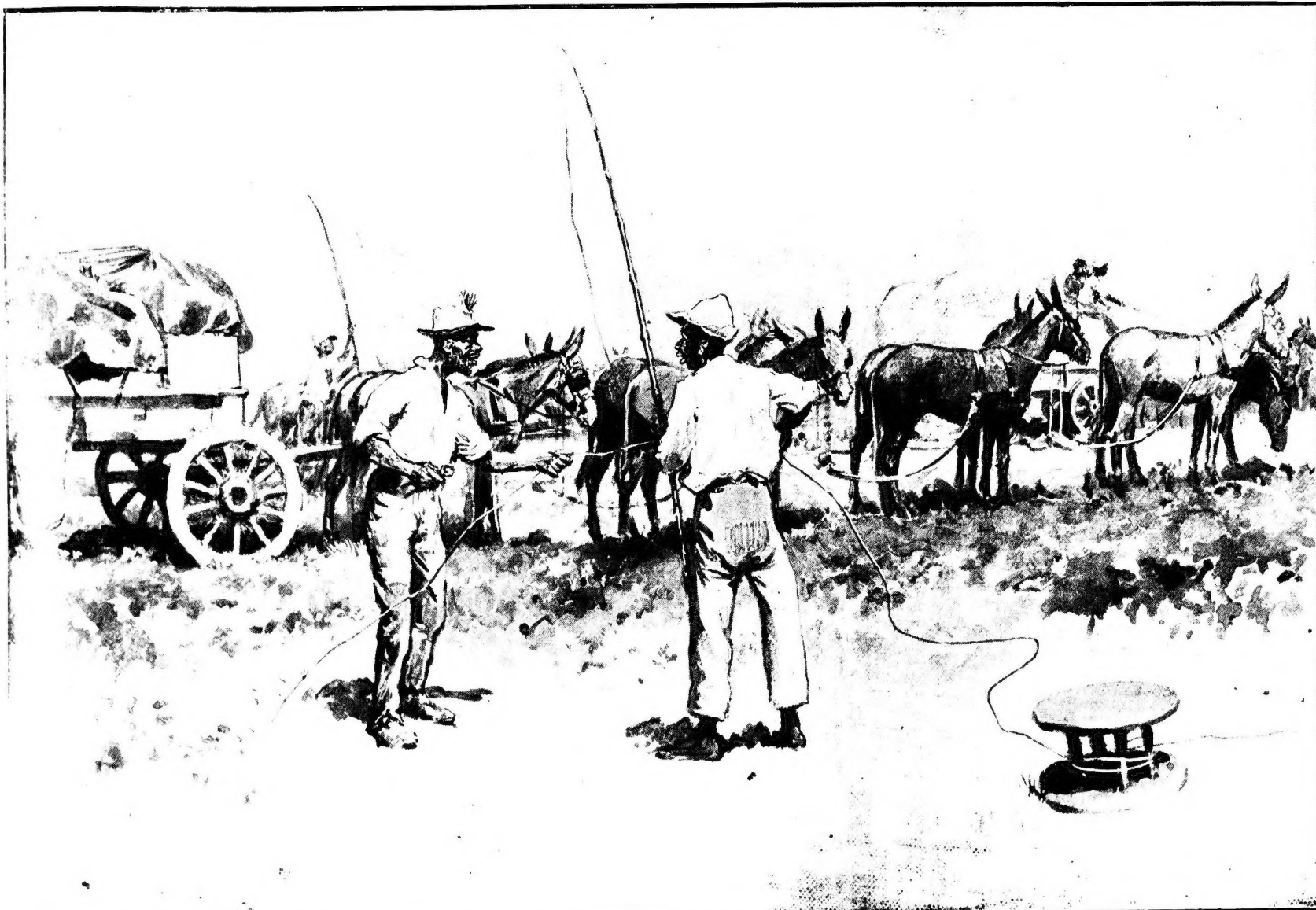


Our Correspondent writes: "The monotony of the past few weeks at Sunday's River, occasionally relieved by desultory sniping between our outposts and those of the Boers, was rudely broken on the morning of April 10. The Boers, no doubt tired of waiting on the Biggarsberg for the Natal Field Force to attempt a repetition of the storming of the Tugela Heights, came down with a few guns to a long, low-lying, crescent-shaped line of hills, the southern spurs of the Biggarsberg sloping gently down to

Sunday's River. Their extreme left directly overlooked the bridge, and their right was at Jononi's Kop, a flat-topped hill facing our line of rail, three and a half or four miles west of Elands Laagte. At seven in the morning they opened fire on our camps, but, after shelling at intervals, their artillery was silenced by our Naval guns. A Boer 15-pounder was plainly visible on the sky line on the kopje overlooking the bridge. The Boers did not press home the attacks."

SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE AT SUNDAY'S RIVER: OUR ADVANCE POST IN NATAL

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY H. MCCORMICK



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

Transport drivers having broken their harness, see a piece of wire lying on the ground, and think a bit will be just the thing to mend it with. They accordingly proceed to take a few yards for that purpose

WHY THE FIELD TELEGRAPH SOMETIMES FAILS TO WORK





THE LATE VERY REV. B. M. COWIE, D.D.  
Dean of Exeter



MR. T. A. BRAMSDON  
New M.P. for Portsmouth



SIR JOHN BATTY TUKE  
New M.P. for Edinburgh and St. Andrews  
Universities



COLONEL J. WILLCOCKS, C.M.G.  
Commanding the reinforcements sent to the  
relief of Kumasi

## Our Portraits

SIR JOHN BATTY TUKE, M.D., who succeeds the late Sir William Priestley in the representation of Edinburgh and St. Andrews Universities, was born in 1835. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy and the University of Edinburgh, taking the M.D. degree. After graduating he served as medical practitioner in medical charge of the troops in New Zealand, and afterwards as surgeon of Colonial troops from 1857 to 1863, and from 1865 to 1873 was medical superintendent of the Fife and Kinross District Asylum. He was also for some time assistant physician to the Royal Edinburgh Asylum. In 1871 he became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. Sir John Tuke has devoted himself more especially to the study of mental diseases, in which he is regarded as one of the leading specialists in the kingdom. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Thomas Arthur Bramsdon, the new Liberal member for Portsmouth, is forty-two years of age. He was admitted a solicitor in 1878, and the late borough coroner of Portsmouth, Dr. W. H. Garrington, appointed him deputy coroner. Upon Dr. Garrington's death he was, in 1884, unanimously elected coroner at the age of twenty-six, probably the youngest coroner in the kingdom. He was returned to the Portsmouth School Board in 1889, and was chosen by the Board vice-chairman, and chairman of the Staff Committee, being in 1892 elected chairman of the Board, which position he held till 1898. As a solicitor his principal business is conveyancing, and he is also solicitor to many of the Friendly Societies in the town, of many of which he is a member. He is a magistrate for the borough, and is a prominent local Freemason. Our portrait is by A. Debenham, Southsea.

Dr. Cowie, Dean of Exeter, was born in 1816, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. as Senior Wrangler in 1839. He became curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, in 1843, and a year later became principal and senior mathematical tutor of the College of Civil Engineers, Putney, a post which he filled for ten years. He was select preacher in his university, and in 1853 and 1854 preached the Hulsean Lectures. Among his subsequent appointments may be mentioned those of Professor of Geometry at Gresham College, Government Inspector of Schools, and Vicar of St. Lawrence Jewry. Before accepting the Deanery of Exeter he had for some years been Dean of Manchester. Dr. Cowie had also been one of the Honorary Chaplains to the Queen from 1860 to 1871, and one of the Chaplains in Ordinary since January, 1871. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Colonel J. Willcocks, C.M.G., D.S.O., is the officer who has been appointed to command the reinforcements now on their way up to Kumasi to quell the disturbances in Ashanti. Colonel

Willcocks, who has been second in command of the West African Frontier Force since 1897, has seen much active service, having served in the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80, in Burma from 1885 to 1889, with the Chin Lushai and Manipur Expeditions, while he was A.A.G. to the Tochi Field Force during the N.W. Frontier rising in 1897-8. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.

There has been some little confusion over the name of a Japanese Prince who has just been staying with us. His proper name is Prince



PRINCE KOTOHITO OF JAPAN  
Who has been on a visit to England

Kotohito, and he belongs to the Kan-In branch of the Imperial Family. He is a near relative of the Mikado, and is thirty-four years of age. During his stay Prince Kotohito visited Her Majesty at Windsor, the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and the Marquess of Salisbury. Last Saturday evening he attended the Royal Academy Banquet and made a short speech in French.

## The Rebellion in North Borneo

COMPARED with that of the neighbouring territory of Sarawak, the history of the British North Borneo Company has been remarkably peaceful nature. When Sir James Brooke took up the reins of government of the former in 1841, he found his possessions in a state of complete anarchy, Malay fighting against Malay and Dyak against Dyak. Piracy was rampant, and the Chinese insurrection in 1857 threatened for the moment the very existence of the Raj. Not a little fighting had to be done before the country approached political quiescence. Few of these difficulties have checked the progress of North Borneo, which commenced its colonial existence in more settled times. The refractory chief, Mat Salleh, has been almost the only thorn in the side of the Chartered Company. Often rebellious, and as often pacified, he has, on the whole, acted as a sort of stimulus to the colony, and was, indeed, indirectly the cause of the acquisition of a considerable slip of territory to the Company's flag. Difficulties did not, however, entirely cease with his death, for his mantle appears to have fallen upon his kinsman, Mat Sator, who continued the feud. Making an unexpected descent with two hundred followers upon Kudat on the early morning of April 28, he succeeded in capturing the Residency and the powder-magazine, killing two Sikh police and a number of Chinamen, and taking a Maxim. The rebels' triumph was fortunately of short duration. Mr. Malcolm, the Commandant of Kudat, re-capturing the gun and driving off the enemy, of whom the two leaders, Mat Sator and Mat Daoud, and eighteen of their men were killed.

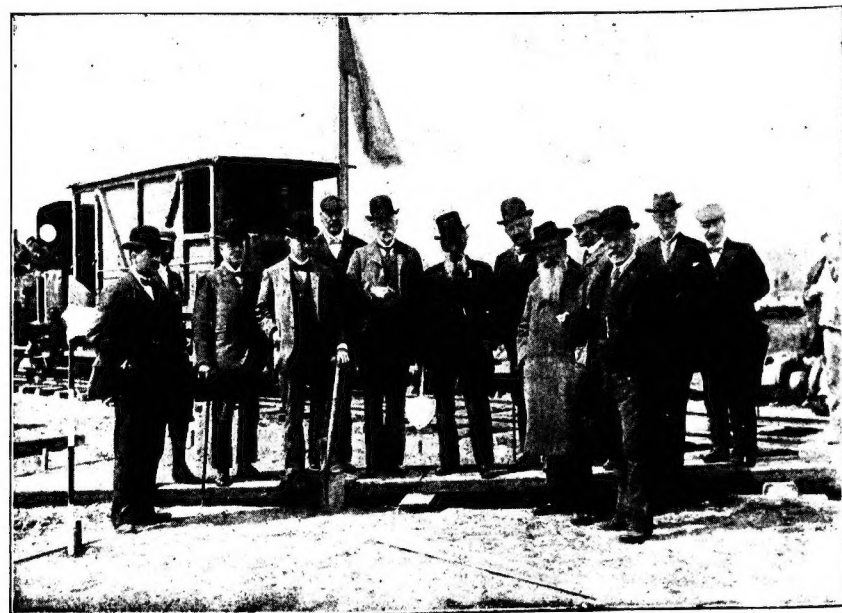
Kudat—of the Residency of which we give an illustration—was formerly the capital, but is so no longer, the seat of Government being now at Sandakan. Though by no means a large place, it has probably a future before it when the country becomes more developed—a process which has been going on with rapidity during the last two or three years. It has the advantage of being nearly a day's steam nearer Singapore than Sandakan, and on the lighter side of the difficult and dangerous Mallawalle channel.

## Hodbarrow Sea-Wall

THE cutting of the first sod in connection with the construction of a new outer sea-wall at the Hodbarrow Mines, Millom, took place last week, the ceremony being performed by M. Harry Arnold, the Chairman of the Hodbarrow Mining Company. The place selected for the cutting of the sod was on the high ground just above the sea-shore and near the end of Concrete Square, from which place the new wall will extend into the estuary of the Dudd, circling round and touching the mainland again close to Hodbarrow Point. The contractors for the work are Messrs. John Aird and Co. and the engineers, Messrs. Coode, Son and Mathews. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Mr. John Aird, M.P., said it was interesting to know that the new outer sea-wall at Hodbarrow was exactly the same length, a mile and a quarter, as the dam his father was constructing on the Nile.

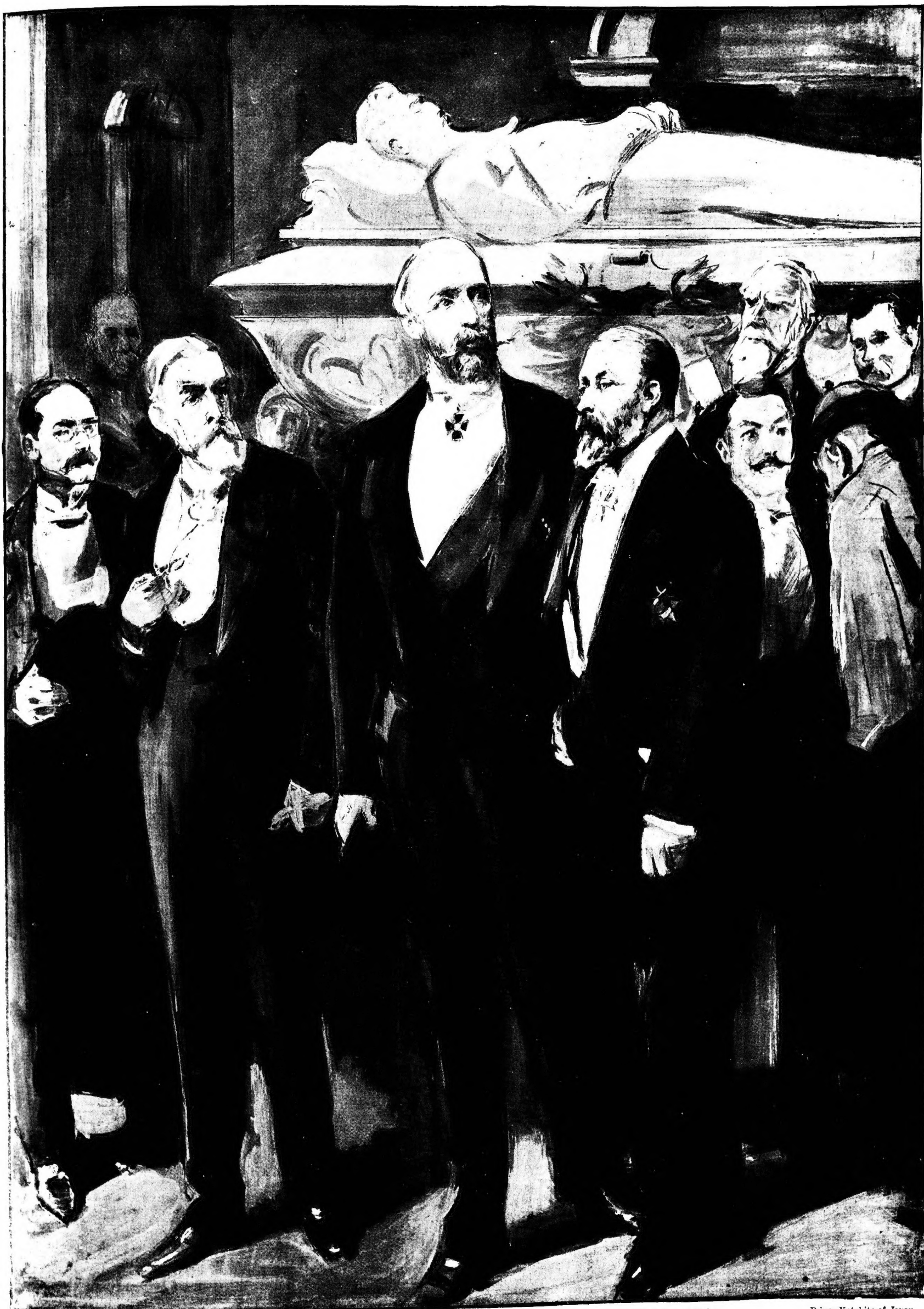


THE RESIDENCY, KUDAT, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT RISING IN NORTH BORNEO



CUTTING THE FIRST SOD OF THE HODBARROW SEA-WALL, MILLOM





Mr. Rudyard Kipling

Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

The King of Sweden and Norway

The Prince of Wales

Prince Kotohito of Japan

The Royal Academy Banquet took place on Saturday night at Burlington House. The President, Sir E. J. Poynter, occupied the chair, and there was a large and distinguished company of guests. After the toast of the Queen had been honoured, the chairman proposed "King Oscar of Sweden and Norway." The chairman next gave "The Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family," and expressed the rejoicing of the whole community at the recent happy escape of the Prince and Princess from the assassin's bullet. The Prince of Wales, in acknowledgment, said, in view of the universal kind feeling the incident had evoked, he might almost say he was glad to have passed through it. The health of Prince Kotohito was also given and acknowledged. The Duke of Cambridge replied

for the Army, and Mr. Goschen responded for the Navy. Lord Salisbury replied to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers." The other toasts were "Literature and Science," to which the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Sir Norman Lockyer replied; "The Lord Mayor," acknowledged by his Lordship; "The Guests," responded to by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and "The Academy," to which the President responded. Among other guests were Prince Christian, Prince Edward of Saxony, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cabinet Ministers, and members of the Front Opposition Bench, Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, Sir George White, Captain Lambton, R.N., Sir William MacCormac, Mr. Treves, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

# THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET: THE PRESIDENT AND SOME DISTINGUISHED GUESTS



## Music

### THE OPERA SEASON

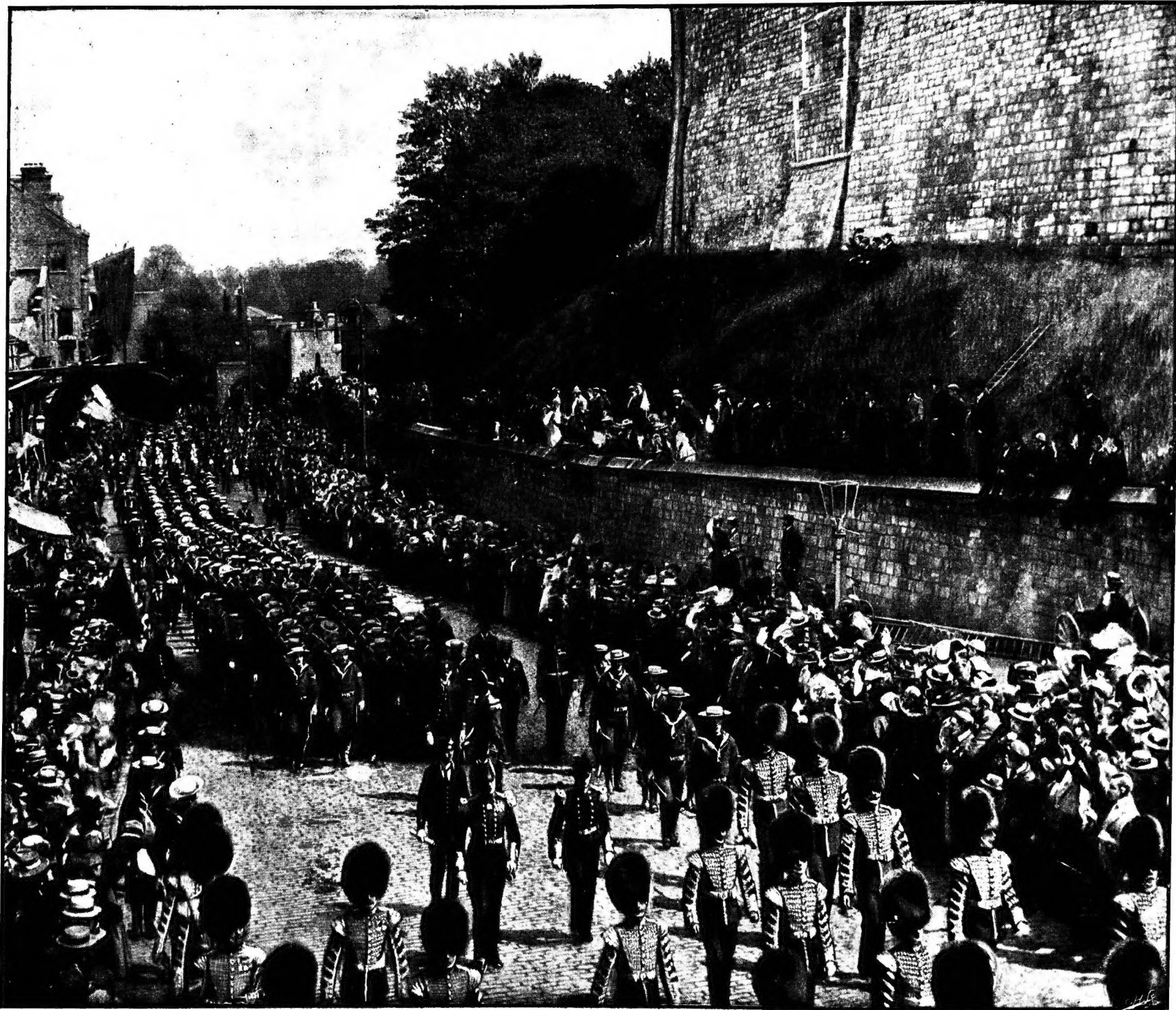
THE Opera season, as we have already announced, will commence at Covent Garden next Monday. The work chosen is *Faust*, with Madame Melba as Marguerite, M. Plançon as Mephistopheles, and two new-comers, Mlle. Maubourg, a mezzo-soprano from Brussels, as Siebel, and M. Decléry, also a member of the Brussels company, as Valentine. Covent Garden has for some time past been in the hands of the painters and decorators, and it, therefore, bids fair to present a very bright appearance on the opening night of the season. Madame Ternina will appear on Tuesday, the second night, as Elizabeth, to the Venus of Miss Strong, and to the Tannhäuser of Herr Kraus, the young tenor, who, thanks to his personal attractions and to the beauty of his voice, created so great an impression as Siegfried at Bayreuth last autumn. This performance, like that of *Lohengrin* next Wednesday, will be conducted by Herr Mottl,

Queen's Hall band in association with the Lamoureux orchestra from Paris; M. Lamoureux, who died a few months since, now being succeeded by his son-in-law, M. Chevillard. The combined bands were heard in some of the most popular works of the classical repertory, and although in certain cases the tremendous force of strings had a most imposing effect, yet it is only right to say that, especially in Beethoven's symphonies, it was found impossible with so large a force to observe those delicacies of *nuance* and niceties of reading to which Dr. Richter and the great German conductors have accustomed us. Indeed the performances were best when the band was divided, the French orchestra dealing exclusively with the French novelties, while any new English works which were produced were performed by the British band only. Thus, as each was under the conductor to whose beat it was accustomed, the players seemed to be far more at their ease than when the two bands were combined. The best performances of the week were those of Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" suite and of Saint-Saëns' "Le Rouet d'Omphale." M. Ysaye appeared at two concerts, but

thing in connection with the tragedy of the gallant young North American Indian. M. Chevillard's "Le Chêne et le Roseau," given on Saturday, although unpretentious, was one of the most successful productions of the week. It is, of course, suggested by La Fontaine's fable of the oak which reproached the reed for bending to the storm; and the finished workmanship quite charmed its hearers. Mr. Newman announces another so-called "Festival" from April 29 to May 4 next year; but whether the French orchestra will again be brought over from Paris is not yet certain. At any rate, the projected visit of the Queen's Hall orchestra to Paris in July has been abandoned.

### NOTES AND NEWS

Madame Patti has resolved that the concert at which she sings with Messrs. Harrison at the Albert Hall, on May 31, shall be her only appearance in London this year. She will then be reported by Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Lloyd, and other eminent artists. Madame Albani will also give a concert on an extensive scale at



The Naval contingent from H.M.S. *Powerful*, who bore so conspicuous and glorious a part in the defence of Ladysmith, went to Windsor last week to be inspected by the Queen. The town was gaily decked for the occasion, and the men received a hearty welcome from the throngs of spectators along the

route from the railway to the Castle. There were three companies of bluejackets and one of Marines, and with the contingent was one of the very 12-inch guns which did such good service against the Boer "Long Tom." Our illustration is from a photograph by Lankester, Tunbridge Wells.

### THE QUEEN AND HER SAILORS: THE LADYSMITH NAVAL BRIGADE ARRIVING AT WINDSOR

who, until the end of June, will take up the direction of all the advanced German operas of the repertory. Madame Calvé will probably reappear on Thursday as Carmen, Madame Melba on Friday in *La Bohème*, and Mlle. Miranda will make her *début* on Saturday as Philémon.

Arrangements are, it is rumoured, being made at Court for a "Command" performance at the Opera on the arrival of the Shah. His predecessor as Shah attended no fewer than three State performances at the London Opera Houses in 1873 and 1886, and as the present Shah goes direct from here to the brilliant scene of the Paris Exhibition, a gala performance in his honour is a matter of policy, as well as one of pleasure. No details are, of course, yet available, and it is, in fact, likely that the performance will take place at a somewhat later date than has been surmised, possibly during the second week of July.

### LONDON MUSICAL FESTIVAL

Mr. Robert Newman's "London Musical Festival" this year was limited to six orchestral concerts, given by the

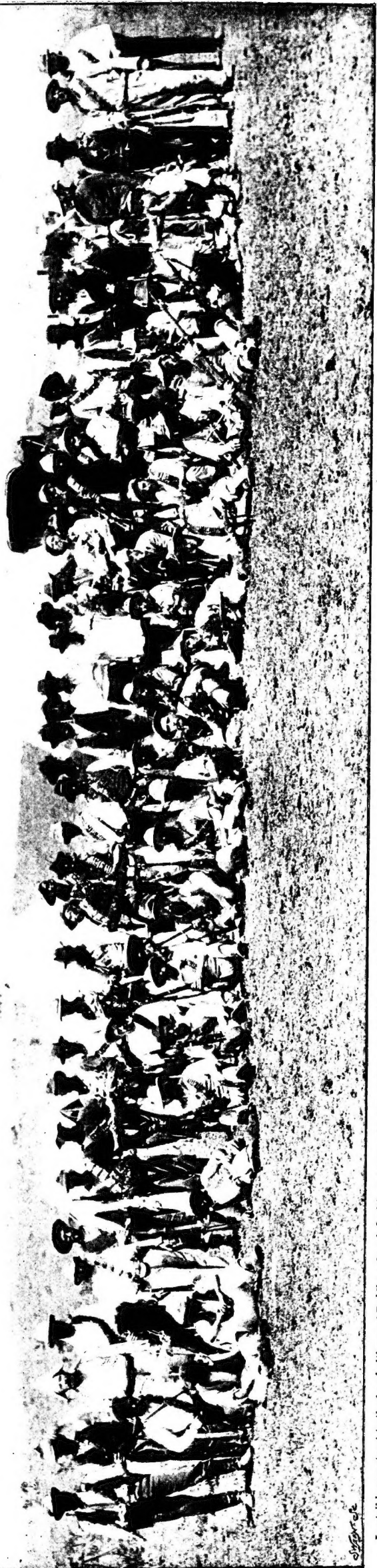
was not very happy in his choice of solos. Madame Albani sang at one afternoon performance, and Madame Marchesi gave a very fine rendering of Beethoven's "Ah Perfido" on Friday night.

The English novelties were certainly not well chosen, for neither Mr. Pitt's "Le Sang des Crépuscules" nor Mr. Bantock's more ambitious and lengthy dramatic piece, "Thalaba the Destroyer," based, of course, upon Southey's poem, could be accepted as really representative of the younger school of British music. Nor were the French novelties very much better. M. Moreau's "Sur la Mer Lointaine" proved to be a delicate piece of work, amusingly enough starting with almost a quotation from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, but comprising a genuine Brittany folk-song, supposed to be sung by a fisherman after a storm had passed away. M. Silver's "Rhapsodie Sicilienne," suggested by a holiday in Sicily, was rather too thin for a Festival concert. Mr. Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha" overture was originally produced at the Norwich Festival, and it was then better performed than at Queen's Hall. Curiously enough it is based upon one of the Fisk University Singers' Revivalist hymn tunes, an almost laughingly incongruous

Albert Hall this (Saturday) afternoon, with the assistance of members of the Royal Choral Society and the Queen's Hall orchestra, with Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley among the principal singers.

The Albert Hall season closed last week with a performance of portions of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* and *Lohengrin*. The attendance, however, was very small, and Wagner's early music in concert form falls rather flat, the more especially as it demands a larger band than the orchestra usually engaged at the Albert Hall. There is, indeed, little or no excuse for trying such works in the concert room, more particularly as Wagner's music is now so frequently heard upon the stage, whereas the performances of oratorio in central London are becoming fewer every year. Among the other and numerous concerts of the week have been the *début* of Mr. A. Rosenthal, a pianist of great repute in Dublin, the Philharmonic concert, at which Signor Busoni was announced, Mr. Clinton's Wind Concert, at which a suite for thirteen instruments (bassoon, contra-bassoon, and wind) was produced, and, besides some war concerts, performances by Miss Violet Defries, the Herbert Sharp trio and numerous others.



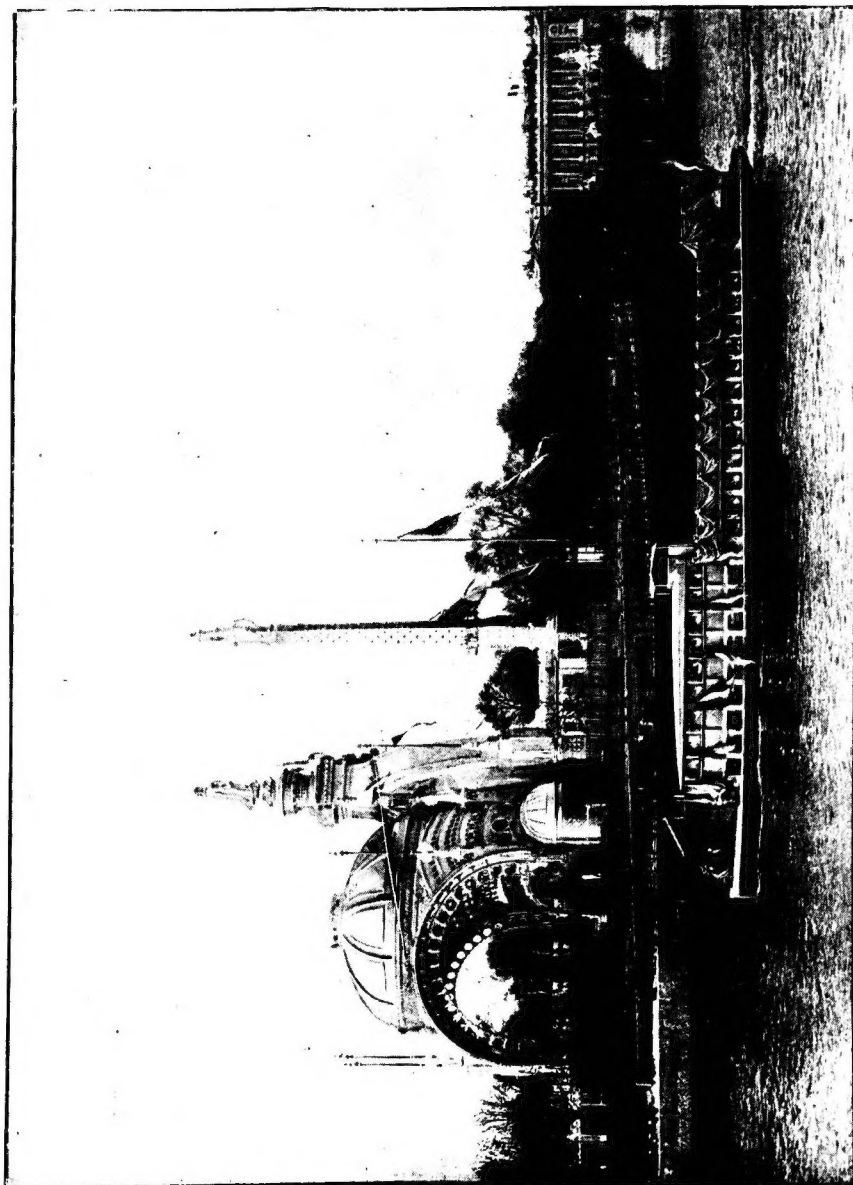


In striking contrast to the loyal citizens of Dublin, who vied with each other in welcoming the Queen, are the members of the Boer Irish Brigade. The men, for the most part resident in

the Transvaal, have thrown in their lot with the Boers and have taken up arms against us, not because they have any love for their adopted country, but—as one of them is reported to

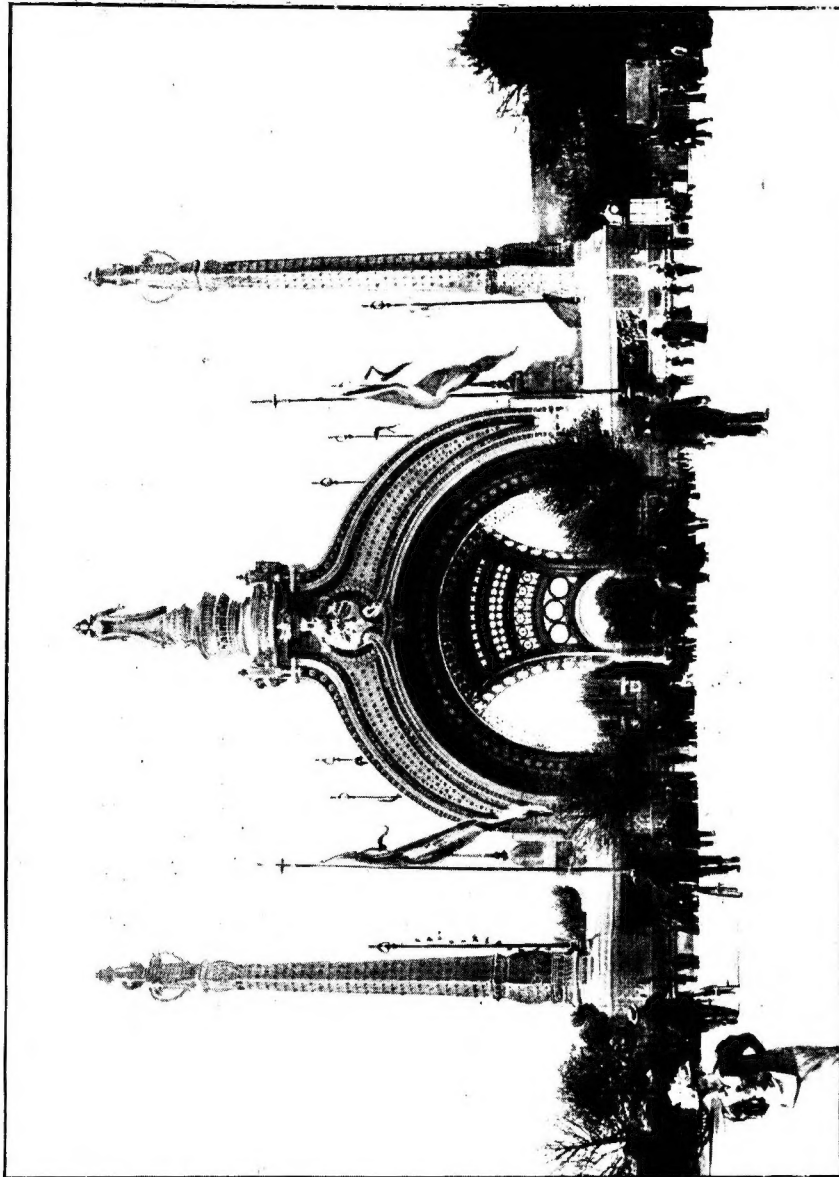
have said the other day—because they hate the English. Our illustration is from a photograph by J. Dowers, Pretoria

RENEGADES: THE BOER IRISH COMMANDO



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. R. DUMAS ET FILS

THE PARIS EXHIBITION: THE ENTRANCE FROM THE RIVER



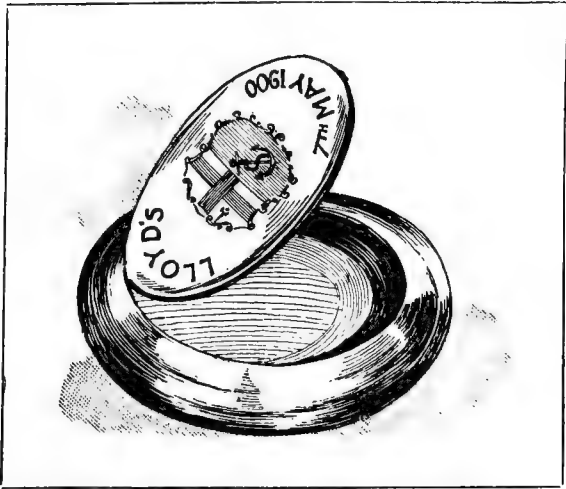
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. R. DUMAS ET FILS

THE PARIS EXHIBITION: FRONT VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE



## Naval Brigade Day

ONE of the correspondents at the front, writing home the other day, expressed some surprise at the news he had heard "that in London people were kicking their hats about the streets on Ladysmith day." It does not sound very English, he went on to remark, and added that out there the good news was received much more unconcernedly. Perhaps it would not have sounded "very English" this



SILVER TOBACCO BOX PRESENTED BY THE MEMBERS OF LLOYD'S TO EACH MEMBER OF THE "POWERFUL'S" NAVAL BRIGADE

time last year; but the war correspondent has not been aware of the change that has come over England in the months which have gone by since he left for the Cape. The one thing his countrymen now wait for is the opportunity to do honour to those who have been keeping the flag flying in South Africa. That opportunity came on Monday, when the Naval Brigade from the *Powerful*, the men who manned the guns at Ladysmith, who fought at Enslin and Belmont, marched "sounding through the town." Not that the

sailors and marines were responsible for much of the "sounding." The band which preceded them on their way from Victoria to Whitehall, from Whitehall to the Royal Exchange, and from the Royal Exchange to London Bridge, could hardly make itself heard for the cheering. It was the great mass of the people who provided the enthusiasm, and, in a sense, the demonstration. The Jack Tars were only the occasion. They were, none the less, the central figures of one historic spectacle—the Review on the Horse Guards' Parade. That scene scarcely needs describing. It was like a trooping of the Queen's Colour, with the regiments left out and a human interest put in. The Naval Brigade, with its khaki-coloured guns, its burnt faces, and its little contingent of halting wounded—this was the human interest. The Prince of Wales inspected them, the First Lord of the Admiralty addressed them, the "ten thousand" cheered them from the Horse Guards stands and the "million" cheered them from under the trees in the Park. Best of all, the Princess smiled on them, and after the review was over came to see them at the very substantial lunch in which they submerged all memories of the privations of Ladysmith. When the West End had finished with the sailors the City took them up. All the way from Whitehall to the Temple, and from the Temple to the Exchange, enthusiastic London blocked the way. At the Mansion House the throng transcended that which gathered there to celebrate the relief of the sailors (among others) at the beginning of last March. The sailors could hardly get through, and had almost to charge to get into the Royal Exchange. Here "Lloyd's" prepared to welcome them. The handy man, with the memories of his Admiralty dinner still lingering, found himself seated at long tables and waited on by enthusiastic and hospitable members of the great Shipping Exchange. Lloyd's had done the thing with its customary and splendid hospitality; and in order that, when the memories of this gorgeous "tea" had been lived down there should still remain some tangible memento of it, rounded off the occasion by presenting each man with a silver tobacco box, engraved with the arms of Lloyd's and an inscription with the date. One of the pretty features of the entertainment was the sudden unveiling, just before the sailors went, of a model of the *Powerful*, lit up and outlined with electric lights. At the same moment a string of flags was run across the room, making the signal "Well done *Powerful*." It was a fitting close to a day of festivities. Half an hour later the handy men, very happy, very tired, but astoundingly cheerful, were played out of London Bridge Station, on their way back to Portsmouth, to the air of "Rule Britannia."

## A Distinguished Explorer

CAPTAIN H. H. P. DEASY has been awarded the Founder's Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society in recognition of his important and extensive explorations and survey work, carried out under exceptional difficulties in Western Thibet and Chinese Turkestan. During his journeys, which were commenced in 1896, he was assisted by native sub-surveyors kindly lent by the Survey Department of India. About 40,700 square miles of country were surveyed and the heights of some 250 mountains determined. Owing to the winding nature of the broad and deep Yarkand River the most important part of his exploration in Sarikol had to be carried out in mid-winter when the river was frozen over. Captain Deasy is an Irishman, and is the second and only surviving son of the late Lord Justice Deasy, who was born in Dublin in 1866. Our portrait is by J. Thomas Grosvenor Street.



CAPTAIN H. H. P. DEASY  
Awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society

THE "Musical Directory" (Rudall, Carte and Co.), which is now published for the forty-eighth successive year, contains a mass of information on musical institutions, concert patents, &c. The greater part of the volume is devoted to a well-arranged directory to professors and teachers, music sellers and instrument makers, and a list of musical works of the year. The obituary list contains some well-known names—Mrs. Keeley, Johann Strauss, and Signor Foli being among them. It is a pity that such a useful book is not bound in a more serviceable cover.



The scene outside the Mansion House when the Naval Brigade passed by on their way to the Royal Exchange was indescribable. At times it seemed as if the bluejackets would never thread their way through the dense mass of people that filled the route. But the "handy man" is used to overcoming

difficulties, and reached the Royal Exchange in good time, in spite of the too-pressing attention of the enthusiastic crowds, all bent on giving him a welcome. Our illustration is from a photograph by Reinhold Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane

THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN THE CITY: PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE





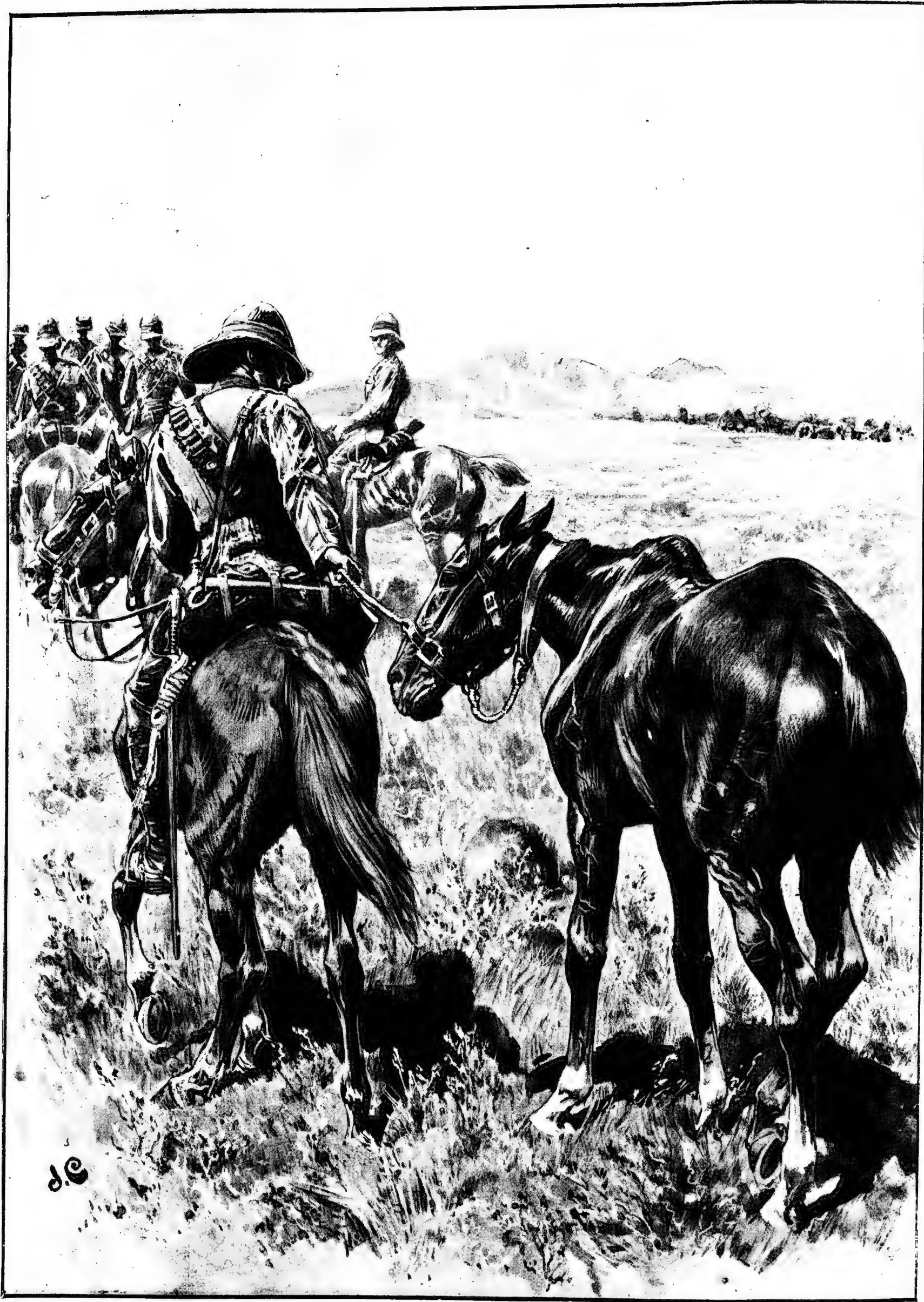
It had been announced that the Naval Brigade would be entertained "at tea" at Lloyd's, but the "tea" was to be a sumptuous cold meal beginning with salmon and concluding with hothouse pineapples and great improvement on siege rations" as one bluejacket said. This was served in the Reading Room. The men were waited on at seven tastefully decorated tables by members of Lloyd's. The walls of the room were festooned with red-white-and-blue drapery, and prominently displayed were the names Bloemfontein,

Ladysmith, Belmont, Graspan, and Modder River. At one end of the room was a curtain, which was drawn back during the meal, revealing a model of the *Powerful* picked out with electric lights, and bearing the legend in the form of a Naval signal, "Well done, *Powerful*!" The men were taken by surprise, and cheered lustily at this extra compliment to them.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE'S WELCOME IN THE CITY: THE FEAST AT LLOYD'S

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET





DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

Our Special Artist with General French's column describes the condition of the horses on their entry into Bloemfontein as pitiable in the extreme. At the end of a long day's march the men took their horses to the edge of a lake, and many of the animals, once they reached the water, had no strength to pull their legs out of the mud, and fell down, despite all the efforts of the men to keep them up. The only

thing to be done was to pull the saddles and bridles off and leave the horses. The best of chargers could only just struggle on with nothing on their backs. A trooper might be seen riding a country pony, which he had commandeered, and dragging his worn-out charger after him

WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE TO OUR CAVALRY HORSES: A TROOPER LEADING HIS WORN-OUT CHARGER





DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

The story here depicted is unfortunately one that is told in the north of both Natal and in Cape Colony by loyal farmers and others who were compelled to flee when the Boers approached

their neighbourhood during their invasion of the Colonies. In many cases the fugitive families have returned to their homes since the Boers have been driven back, only to find the house

damaged by shell fire, and the furniture wantonly wrecked and strewn about. But it is still home, and misfortunes are cheerfully borne when the Union Jack is hoisted

# IN THE TRACK OF THE BOERS: A LOYAL FAMILY RETURNING TO THEIR WRECKED HOMESTEAD



## Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

### At Pretoria

At the seat of war during the past week public interest was divided between Pretoria, Ladysmith, Thabanchu, Winburg, Brandfort, Bloemfontein, Warrenton, and Mafeking. In opening a new Session of the Volksraad, which was attended by the Russian General Gourko and the other military attachés, President Kruger said he was pleased to see that the sympathies of the world were on the side of the Boers, though their peace delegates could nowhere find that those sympathies took practical shape in any form whatever. "We will do everything in our power to restore peace," protested his Honour to the Volksraad, and meanwhile his endeavours in this direction have taken the curiously concrete form of a decree expelling from the Transvaal all British subjects "not specially recommended by the local committees."

This Boer measure is to be followed by the expulsion of all foreigners except those fighting or working for the Government. But while thus displaying great energy in the exportation of British subjects, the Transvaal Government also continues to drive a roaring trade in the export of what is practically British gold. "It was satisfactory," said Kruger to the Volksraad, "to be able to announce that its finances could bear the strain of the great expenses of the war, and that the mines were in a flourishing state"—so much so that the Transvaal Government had accommodated that of the Free State (or what, at least, used to be the Government of the Free State) with a loan.

movements, skilfully carried out by our mounted infantry, especially the Canadians, New Zealanders and Australians, who—under Colonel Hutton, the virtual organiser of this new arm of the Service—vied with each other in their gallant efforts to close with and clear away the foe. After occupying Brandfort, which he did without encountering much opposition, Lord Roberts, on Saturday last, pushed on with Pole-Carew's Division and other troops to the Vet River, which he found defended by a considerable force of Boers on the further side. For three hours he shelled the enemy's position without being able to effect a crossing—though the naval guns and artillery made excellent practice, particularly the 5-in. guns, which were used for the first time; but what artillery fire could not accomplish was achieved in the most brilliant manner by the Colonial contingents and mounted infantry, who, towards dusk, pricked across the river towards the Boer right flank and turned it in the most dashing manner. On Sunday morning, finding that the Boer position north of the Vet had been hastily abandoned in the night owing to the flanking movement of the Colonials, Lord Roberts crossed the river and occupied Smaldeel Junction, where the Boers had abandoned a large quantity of stores and railway material. The latter will be particularly useful to Colonel Girouard, the Canadian engineer, who hastened up with a construction train to repair the damage done to the line by the Boers, who had laid charges of "rackarock" every few hundred yards under the rails, as was discovered by a Westralian trooper.

### Ian Hamilton's Advance

From Smaldeel, Lord Roberts was quick to push forward Colonel Hutton with his mounted infantry towards the Zand River, where

seen that the Boer game was up, as far as the holding of the line of this river was concerned. Fourteen Streams, opposite Warrenton—so named after Sir Charles Warren—could not continue to be held by the burghers with Hunter on their right flank and Paget opposite. So three days after crossing the Vaal at Windsorton, Hunter joined hands with Paget near Warrenton, after a stiff engagement, which cost the Boers a considerable loss, and entailed on them precipitate retirement. This crossing of the Vaal by General Hunter's command of about 10,000 men has now brought within the bounds of possibility the chance of Mafeking being relieved not later than the Queen's Birthday—heroic little Mafeking, which, on April 27, announced Lord Roberts, through Baden-Powell, that the citizens—depressed yet determined—were preparing to celebrate, by horse dinner, the two hundredth day of the siege.

## The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

It is a familiar aphorism at Westminster that when a question of privilege is raised the worst sufferer is always the House of Commons. The assertion receives striking confirmation from the events of Tuesday. The incident burst upon the House with accustomed unexpectedness. The morning's post brought to every member a letter from a firm of Liverpool solicitors, making grave charges against Mr. Houston, member for the West Toxteth Division of Liverpool. He is chairman of a shipping firm, which it is alleged, had considerable business contracts with the Government in connection with the war, and was nominated on the Select Committee appointed to consider fraudulent contracts. The Liverpool solicitors, writing on behalf of a client whose contract was one of those the Committee was created to inquire into, declared "the appointment of Mr. Houston as a judge of the dealings of his rival contractors would be farcical." What the writers of the letter had looked forward to was not the privilege of being tried by Mr. Houston, but of examining him as a witness.

A copy of the letter reached Mr. Houston's hand. He brought it under the notice of the Select Committee, and offered to resign. Advised that having been appointed by the House of Commons it would be more proper for his retirement to be approved by them, he, when the House met, stated the circumstances, and submitted his resignation.

No one seemed disposed to discuss the matter and there it would have ended. But the quick-witted Irish members saw their opportunity of making a little mischief. Mr. P. O'Brien moved that the letter constituted a breach of the privileges of the House. As events showed Mr. Balfour would have been better advised had he boldly grappled with the difficulty. But the Leader of the House held his peace, gloomily going into the Lobby with his colleagues under the leadership of Mr. Patrick O'Brien.

This was a chance the mildest-mannered man that ever sat on the Front Bench could not ignore. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was one of the hundred members who voted against the assertion that the letter constituted a breach of privilege. Mr. Balfour, having been in the majority which declared in the contrary sense, Sir Henry blandly asked what guidance he had to offer to the House as to the next step in the matter? Mr. Balfour, still hesitating, that stern unbending Constitutionalist, Mr. James Lowther, moved the consequent motion—that the writers of the letter having been adjudged guilty of breach of privilege, should appear at the Bar of the House.

From this prospect of fresh waste of time, deeper depth of absurdity in which the hapless House might be plunged, Mr. Balfour shrank with swift recoil. With a heroism that met with scant recognition from the half-amused, half-angry, audience, he resolved to sacrifice himself in order to save the House. Having voted that the letter was a breach of privilege it required a brave man to rise with the authority of the Leader of the House and declare that nothing more should or ought to be done. That course Mr. Balfour boldly took. It exposed him to the open ridicule of gentlemen opposite, and dealt a serious blow at his personal authority. But it saved the House, albeit by a Ministerial majority significantly reduced. It is a long time since anything so heroic in the way of personal sacrifice has been witnessed in the House of Commons.

Meanwhile, by a strange coincidence, the strongest Ministry of modern times were being run even closer in their stronghold of the House of Lords. The Bishop of Winchester submitted a motion, calling for legislative effect to be given to such of the recommendations contained in the final report of the Licensing Committee as were unanimously adopted. The Marquess of Salisbury happened to be in one of those moods of contradiction that sometimes beset him. He never makes any secret of his contempt for Royal Commissions. For the Report of the Licensing Commission he has particular distaste. He did not hesitate to display this in resisting the Bishop of Winchester's proposal. It soon became clear that in a House more than usually full the motion would be carried in the Premier's teeth. The Marquess closed them with a snap, and amazed the Lords by making the question before them one of confidence in the Ministry. "I have not at all lost my confidence in the Government," the Archbishop of Canterbury sweetly pleaded. "The most reverend prelate may say what he likes," growled the Premier, turning round to the surprised throng below the Gangway. "What I care for is what he does."

So critical was the position, so probable the placing of the Government in a minority, that Lord Salisbury, after a hurried conversation with the Whip, rose and made another startling announcement. The motion, he still insisted, was one of no confidence in the Government. That was an issue he would not shrink from meeting after due notice. On the present occasion such notice had not been forthcoming. He therefore intimated that noble lords and reverend prelates might vote whichever way they liked. He, as head of the Government, would decline to accept the result as the decision of the House of Lords. With these amazing words ringing in their ears the House went into the division lobbies. Amid anxious silence announcement was made on their return that the Government had been saved by a majority of three—forty-two voting for the motion and forty-five against.



One of the greatest demonstrations ever known in Port Elizabeth took place last month in the market. The meeting was addressed by the Mayor, and a resolution was passed expressing entire concurrence with the refusal of Her Majesty's Government to allow the South African Republic and the Orange Free State to retain their independence, and declaring that their incorporation within the dominions of the Queen could alone secure peace, prosperity, and public freedom throughout South Africa. Our illustration is from a photograph by Goldsbrough, Port Elizabeth.

### THE GREAT ANNEXATION MEETING AT PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA

#### Lord Roberts's Strategy

Whatever the force of Boers left in Natal, it looks as if their communications through the Drakensberg Range, at least, will soon be cut, seeing that it is the apparent object of Lord Roberts's present strategy in the Free State to occupy Bethlehem, which is the present terminus of the railway from Ladysmith via Harrismith. When once our troops are in possession of Bethlehem, the Drakensberg Boers will be literally between the Devil and the deep sea. For they will have the choice between destruction and decamping in the direction of Newcastle, where they will be as good as out of action, while Lord Roberts will have secured another most important and convenient line of communication to the sea, which can relieve the strain on the supply traffic by the direct routes to Bloemfontein. Bethlehem also would be a most convenient point for turning the Boer "Plevna" at Kroonstad if Louis Botha elects to make a stand there, and towards this important strategical position (Bethlehem) Lord Roberts has already made very considerable and very rapid progress. He has been a long time in repairing and perfecting his huge fighting machine, but when at last it did begin to move northward, after the relief of Wepener, it was seen that the weeks he had spent in elaborating the efficiency and harmony of all its parts, had not been wasted.

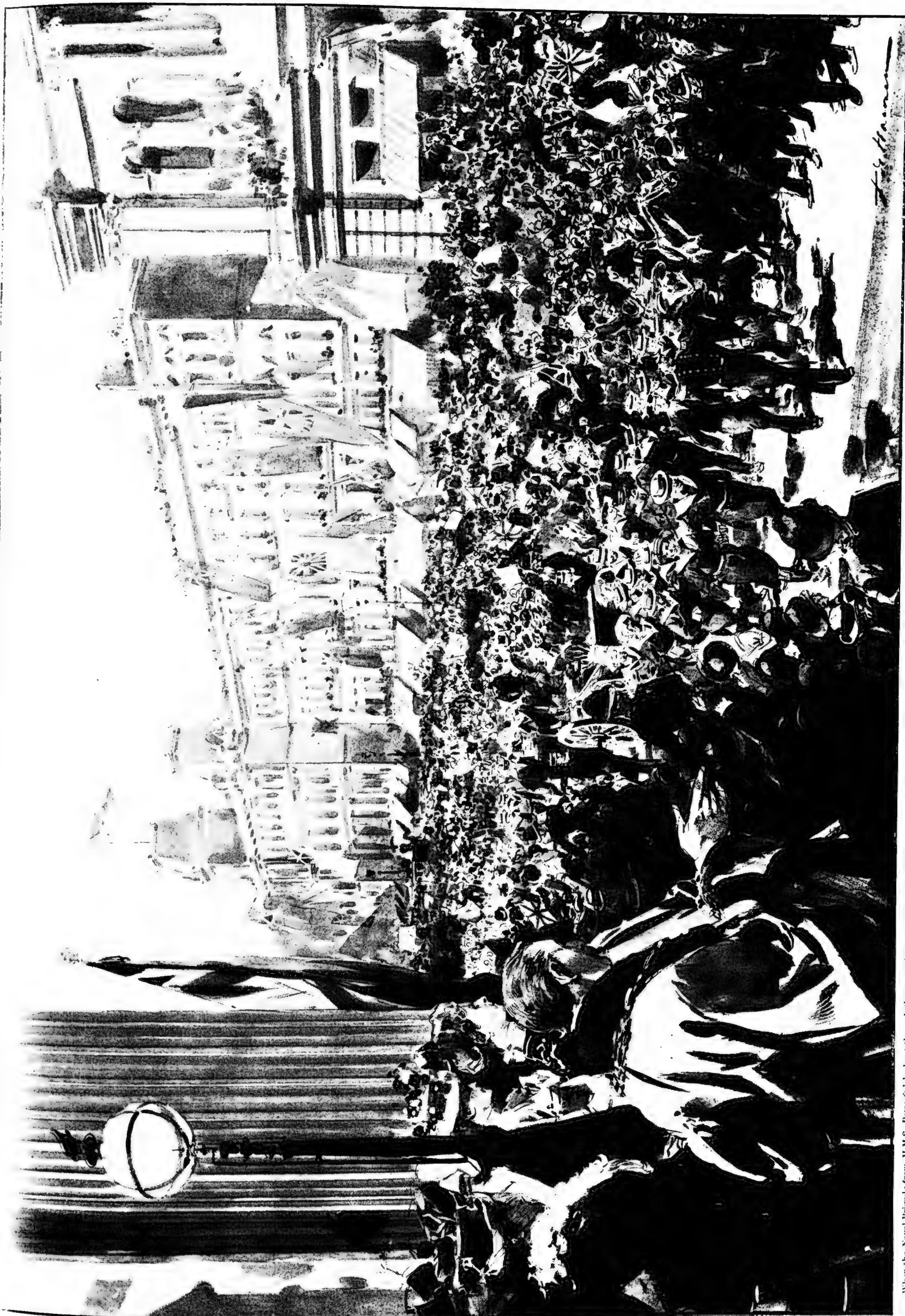
On rolled the great military machine in two main columns—Roberts himself on the left, and Ian Hamilton, from Thabanchu, on the right, and in a rapid series of three despatches, the Field-Marshal was able to announce successively that he had brushed away the Boers from Brandfort, forced the passage of the Vet River, and occupied Smaldeel, the junction station for the branch line to Winburg, where he captured a large quantity of stores, forage and railway material. At all those three places the Boers, under Delarey, were surprised by the rapidity of our movements, and the vastly improved character of our tactics. Our frontal attacks were only feints, but all the engagements were won by flanking

the enemy were expected to make a stand, though "great difficulty is experienced in getting the Boers together," and, indeed, the signs are multiplying that their powers of organisation and cohesion are almost strained to the collapsing point. At the Zand River they will be tackled at once by the three Divisions of Lord Roberts and the troops under Colonel Ian Hamilton, who, during his chief's advance on Smaldeel, was fighting his way up by a parallel line on the right north of Thabanchu to Winburg, into which the Highland Brigade marched with skirling pipes soon after the capture of the railway junction on the left. But this occupation of Winburg had not been effected without some very hard marching and severe fighting on the part of Hamilton, with whom was Broadwood's Cavalry Brigade. The final stroke to the enemy's rout was given by the Gordons and two companies of the Shropshire Light Infantry, cheering loudly when they got within 200 yards of the position. After a day's much-needed rest Hamilton continued his advance, and on the 5th inst. fought another equally successful action at Neal Welkot, where he managed to prevent the junction of two Boer forces by a well-executed movement by some of the Household Cavalry, the 12th Lancers, and Kitchener's Horse, who charged a body of the enemy and inflicted serious loss. They fled, leaving their dead on the field, and their wounded to be attended to by our doctors. Macdonald's Highland Brigade dislodged the enemy on the right flank under cover of the naval guns, in which operation, said Lord Roberts, the Black Watch distinguished themselves, and were very skilfully led.

#### With Hunter to Mafeking

On the other hand, the simultaneous operations on the western side of the theatre of war, having been planned with equal care, proved equally successful. What the particular function of Lord Methuen at Boshof may be is not yet quite apparent; but Sir Archibald Hunter, at least, further west on the Vaal, has a strong hand of cards, and has played them well. To begin with, he crossed the Vaal at Windsorton, and then it was





When the Naval Brigade from H.M.S. *Powerful* had got through the press of people at the corner of where Walbrook, Queen Victoria Street, and Cheapside meet, they came into comparatively open ground, for right in front of the Mansion House the police seemed to have been able to keep a lane for them. On the steps of the Mansion House was the Lord Mayor, in his robes, with a number of friends

THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN THE CITY: THE LORD MAYOR AT THE MANSION HOUSE WATCHING THE PROCESSION PASS BY

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN





Soldiers are proverbial for the readiness with which they make pets of animals. The 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, with General French, adopted a stray ostrich, which never left their camp. The bird had to be shot eventually for stampeding horses. Another pet was a looted donkey, which was dubbed "Moses." He carried the cook to the well for water every day. Our photograph is by Major Dauncey

A SENTRY AND HIS FRIENDS



The officers here shown belong to the 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment, which forms part of Major-General Knox's Brigade. The photograph is interesting as giving some idea how our officers fare while campaigning. Seats seem to be scarce, and rations boxes appear to supply their places

OFFICERS BREAKFASTING IN CAMP

Ladysmith After the Siege

WHEN the military authorities relax the cordon which is at present thrown round Ladysmith, the tourists who will make a pilgrimage to this now historic little town should find much to repay their interest, though a few of the most singular and notable features are unfortunately of a character which forbids their continuance. Intombi Camp has already disappeared, and is only a sad and terrible memory to many. The plain on which the camp stood, on the neutral ground between the combatants, is, however, still marked by the trenches which were dug round the tents, and there is one tragic record which will long remain—the little cemetery where six hundred brave Englishmen are sleeping their last long sleep, their low graves marked by small wooden crosses. A mile away from Intombi the Boer dam blocks two-thirds of the Klip River. It stands about 30 ft. above the water, and is of immense breadth, but in spite of its apparent strength those who know the force of African streams after a great storm say that the first flood will wash it all away. The thousands of sand-bags will be no match for the violent rush of water. The same flood will probably fill up the many caves with which the river banks are pierced to which the inhabitants resorted when the daily shelling began. Under the camp occupied by the Imperial Light Horse an elaborate series of tunnels were dug out, hundreds of natives being employed. It would be a pity if they should altogether disappear. The Town Hall and many other public and private buildings suffered severely from the Boer shells, but these ravages will probably soon be



There is no wasting time when thirsty soldiers get a chance at the beaker. In this case the beverage is only tea, which was no sooner made than it was gurgling down appreciative throats

FROM THE KETTLE TO THIRSTY THROATS

repaired. The permanent features of interest to tourists will be found on the surrounding hills and the entrenchments with which many of them are covered. These latter being of ironstone and considerable strength may be regarded as fixtures, as also some of the more important bomb-proof shelters constructed on the various camps. The cairn in memory of Colonel Dick-Cunyngham and many small enclosures mark the spots where shells did their fatal work. The various camps were known as posts, and of these the Devons' Post is one of the most interesting, with its intricate fortifications and shelters necessary on this the nearest point to the enemy on Umbulwane. Wagon Hill is named from the fanciful resemblance to a Dutch wagon which some trees on its sky line represents. Here the famous fight of January 6 was fought. On Caesar's Camp, further to the right, the battle raged for sixteen hours, and in the spout below many wounded Free Staters met their death, swept down by the storm. Five hours at least must be allowed if Umbulwane is to be visited, and a surefooted pony requisitioned, as the mountain must be climbed from the back. Much easier of access is Mableton Hill, with its numerous defences of stonework and barbed wire; from the top of it an excellent view of the town may be obtained. The two wide streets running parallel and the winding Klip River are the chief features, the low houses lying half hidden amongst trees, while away in the distance the original camp, known as Tin Town from its corrugated iron roofs, glitters in the sunshine. From Convent Hill a distant view of Spion Kop is obtainable. At present the health of Ladysmith leaves much to be desired—the result of the prolonged siege—and it is well for their own sakes that eager tourists are restrained until time and the coming winter season have purified the atmosphere.



The Royal Engineers have a number of men who are trained telegraphists. These are quite distinct from the Post Office Corps, their work being mainly to keep up communication between different parts of the Army

A FIELD TELEGRAPHIST AT WORK



The men here shown belong to the 2nd Warwickshire Regiment in General Stephenson's Brigade. The gallant little drummer who is using his drum as a table and the two sergeants behind him seem to be thoroughly enjoying their scrap of leisure time

THE DRUMMER BOY'S LETTER HOME



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## CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK

## CHAPTER VII.—(continued)

WARBURTON came down to the village hastily the next morning, with impatience in his voice. "What boat is that?" he asked of a fisherman, and pointed to a white sail tacking northward. He answered in no very civil terms: it was Pavitt's boat. "But who sails in it?" he inquired more sharply. The fisherman gazed at him, and professed his ignorance. "Believe that a young lady has put out for a sail," he added. Warburton remembered himself in time. He had already tried times unavailingly to hire a boat here. Even his friend from whom he had taken the little cutter, and who had been handsomely compensated, was deaf to his offers. He made no more of his emotion. "A young lady!" said he, and turned indifferently away. He no doubt now that what he had suspected was true. There were visitors in Marlock, and few young ladies to go a-sailing. Miss Holt was in that boat, making for Lynsea; but she had succeeded in getting a boatman to take her upon whose authority she went. She was going on the jon of the Carmichaels. To Warburton's fancy the web of lies spread lay thick and deadly about Lynsea. They were like syrens, calling in the ears. No doubt it was Sir Philip himself who had offered the hospitality of the island with the grace of his. What did they want with her? And what carried her to that black spot? Warburton could not tell his riddle, but feared vaguely. He began to go by the dunes and towards Vincehallow, the village upon that side which, emerald in a smiling country, seemed to stand remote from the wars and the darker secrets of Marlock and the island.

making for the cove of tamarisks by the house, but now he changed his mind. He turned the boat's head, as though to run down upon this harbourage, but no sooner was he by the sheltering point than he slipped past it, and poling under the lea of the wooded land round the jutting crag, one hundred yards beyond, disappeared into a narrow neck of water, which formed a sort of creek, and received the volume of some upland streams.

Tying the painter to an overhanging bush, which also hid the body of his boat, he landed, and climbing the hill above, dropped cautiously down upon the valley of the homestead.

The road he took was by thick coverts, already in full leaf, but green and yellow, and not yet hardened and deepened by the summer sun. There was no footpath; he made a way for himself among the young wood and undergrowth and springing ferns; and the tall sycamores that sheltered him with broad fingers from the sun, concealed also the immediate prospect. He had descended into a bottom in which a ribbon of brook trickled pleasantly towards the sands. The waters of the sea broke peacefully upon a hidden beach; he could almost hear the fret of the shells as the wavelets rolled among them. But he knew not yet where he stood, nor whither he was wandering. As he came to a pause in this indecision, he thought he perceived that the copse was sparser in one direction, and in this he moved. The bushes opened out, the spaces spreading into little glades, in which flowered the bluebells in a multitude. He went forward still, passing a clump of yews, and the next moment there broke upon his vision a widespread pleasure, bright with blossom.

The sun stood at his zenith, yet the cool sea-breezes subdued the heat of that early summer day. Under the warm influences of a genial season the foliage and the flowers had started into quick, full life. The lilac was alive with odour, and the laburnum with bold gold; while in long, low hedges that lay formally across the lawns, the white rosettes of the guelder gleamed in a profusion like great white daisies. Wafts of fragrance ascended from the Florentine iris in the purple beds, and the elegant stems of the columbine rose in bunches from the foliage, in lilac and white and blue.

In the centre of this lawn of flowers and flowering shrubs was an ancient dial on which the fingers of the stone pointed past noon. Below this upon the green sward half enveloped by the tall spikes and the umbrageous star-leaves of the lupin lay Chloris Carmichael, her chin upon her hand, her gaze rambling idly over the blue and empty sea.

Warburton stood watching for a brief time in silence and without demonstration. Not a particle of that fine prone body escaped his steady eyes, from the copper-brown hair to the foot that tapped easily and in a measured rhythm upon the lawn. He saw here no tigress frantic against her foes, not even a woman shaken with vehement fears or vehement passions; it was merely an idle girl that dabbled among the grasses and let a vagrant fancy loose among the clouds. The impression of her face and posture was purely sensuous; he judged that she swayed between her physical feelings like a scale in balance that moves to the touch and vibrates inordinately with each commotion. She seemed to him now more of a girl than he had supposed, and she might have innocent thoughts. It was clear she was quite happy; she had the air of basking in delight as she basked in the sunshine. She drew Warburton's eyes with admiration.

As he stood there her gaze unexpectedly alighted on him, and she got to her feet swiftly, and came running to him, every sign of her quiet vanished. A blaze of some feeling flared in the iris of her eyes, so that they turned almost the warmth of her tresses. She went off as Warburton reflected, like a gun snapped at half-cock. But why she ran thus upon him he could not guess; yet he had not long to wonder.

"What have you come here for?" she asked eagerly. "Do you not know, Mr. Warburton, that you are mad to venture here again? You must go back."

"I came here of a purpose," he answered slowly, "and by Heaven I will not go back until it is accomplished."

"What purpose?" she said swiftly, but in what was almost a murmur, "You must go back."

He read the restless sparkle that died and flamed in her face; there seemed no secret now in the trembling of those slender hands.



"A thousand respects and admiration, madam"

She beat again upon him as vainly as she had beat before. A spirit all fire prevailed nothing against such solidity; a great wind broke and roared in vain upon those battlements, and afterwards issued a still sweet voice.

"You must go back. You must give up your purpose."

He put out an arm to her. "I will not go back, Miss Carmichael," he said; and the excellence of her presence, the temptation of her neighbourhood, thrilled him to the marrow. "By Heaven, but you are Chloris to me," he said, "and Chloris you shall be, for all the Carmichaels in Christendom."

"What mean you?" she panted, swaying under his grasp, yet facing him with open, burning eyes that were neither afraid nor ashamed.

He drew her closer roughly, and still she shrank not; the blue knot of ribbon at her bosom rose and fell like the undulation of the sea; she was carried nearer till it came to rest upon his coat, fluttering into stillness; and then a convulsion shook her body through.

Warburton suddenly and abruptly put her away, surveying her out of disturbed eyes. Some doubt of his interpretation of her had sharply stung him. She surrendered herself to him with more than the passion of a maiden, but it was certainly surrender. He



"Warburton stood watching for a brief time in silence"

More than two hours ere he reached his destination, but successful at once in obtaining a boat. As he put forth, the sun was shining upon the green land and the loose soil; but a mile away southward the heights of Lynsea stood, forbidding, under a passing shadow of cloud, in a twilight of mystery.

When the boat left the shore than a man ran out upon the beach, breathless and red of face. He stared stupidly after the boat.

Warburton ran down to the island swiftly, in the stream of a full moon, recognised it as a more urgent duty to intercept the girl, and throw over her some protection, inasmuch as he had said to her of his own adventures, and she was, therefore, not to be trusted.

She forbode nothing, and had accepted the invitation without misgivings, if with no alacrity.

Impossible to guess at what incentives the ceremonious Sir Philip used.

A light flashed through Warburton's mind that she had been either to detach her from the vendetta, of which they had been persuaded; and if so, it was still necessary to be present to defend himself from a betrayal. In the thought no more as to the wisdom of his course; he went to reach Lynsea, and to discover what this visit meant.

At half-way to the island when he noticed in the wake of the boat, a second boat, steering in his tracks. This he

for some time, and at length remembered his state of being followed, which in the excitement of his recent discovery he had completely forgotten. Plainly he was being followed, and anxious to be rid of his follower. He had thought of



"Almost ran against Dorothy Holt and a companion. This, to his astonishment, he recognised as Philip Carmichael, very cheerful, very handsome, and impudently smiling"



distrusted his judgments: this slim, full, passionate girl thwarted him. He knew that he was master, and yet he had this flash of uncertainty. His steady mind wavered like a reed, and then settled again into its stiff decision. He saw her a handsome, glowing creature, animated with bright blood and the devil of a spirit, and touched by her senses to gross issues. She was an amazingly beautiful animal, to love, to be jealous, to hate, and to be cruel. Like all that heathenish house she had the distemper which should put her outside the pale of consideration. In his insular intolerance and ignorance of this unfettered foreign blood he regarded such people as a pest in the kingdom, deemed them as far from the healthy norm as lunatics or outcasts or the tenants of thieves' alleys. A strong sensation stirred in him now, as he recognised the truth; he put out his arm again with something betwixt a laugh and a gasp, but Chloris Carmichael withdrew a pace, her wonderful eyes upon him. They consumed him with their regard.

"What purpose has brought you here?" she asked.

"Chloris, 'tis you, I swear," he exclaimed eagerly, reaching for her.

She struck up his arm angrily, then turned away, her head fallen heavily upon her bosom. He watched her go some steps and then pursued after her, catching her hand.

"Let me go," she said earnestly. "I beseech you, sir, to let me go."

"Nay, dear," he said, "that I will not. I am not done with you."

The colour was hot in her cheeks and then withdrew, leaving them of the pallor of death, while her eyes were frightened and glistened with emotion.

"I may not," she pleaded. "For pity sake leave me. Be merciful. Nay, sir, you shame me. I have forgotten all my modesty and what my maidenhood requires."

"Faith," thought Warburton, "she plays me well," and would have pulled her again to him.

"Do you not see? Is it not enough?" she cried, crimsoning afresh and with an angry stamp of her foot. "Oh, you are a brute to torture me so. I hate you. Let me go, let me go—ah, let me go!" and her voice passed from the passionate accents of anger, through those of piteous entreaty into a soft sob of contentment, as she was drawn within his arms.

The next moment she was flying through the pleasure, across the lawn, and by the hedges of the may. She sped like Daphne, and upon her heels followed that merciless pursuer. The way ran among the copse again and down by tortuous courses to the sea. The loose white gown of the fugitive flew out behind her flying heels; the skirts jumped and fluttered, spreading like a flag; her bronze hair, fallen from its confines, rained upon her neck in a bright shower, as she darted from sunlight into shadow in her flight.

Suddenly the copse ended once more, and Warburton found himself abruptly upon the margin of an ordered garden with the white house of the Carmichaels frowning upon him. Scarce out of arm's length the girl, too, had come to a pause, panting hard, the colour deep in her face, yet with a startled expression in her eyes, and an admonishing hand. Twenty paces distant stood Sir Stephen Carmichael, eyeing them strangely, and with him was Sir George Everett.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE BEGINNING OF THE AFFAIR ON THE ISLAND

WARBURTON stood for a moment irresolute, stayed in the very heat and flurry of his chase. He cast flashing glances at the silent group, and then moved forward slowly to it. Sir George broke into a cackle of laughter, being the first to give tongue to any sound.

"Gad, what is this game of nymph and satyr?" he said. "It is an Arcadian grove that you keep in this pretty island of yours, Sir Stephen. But, faith, you must present me to this maid. I vow she is a toast, whoever she be."

"She is my daughter, sir," says Sir Stephen, dangerously civil.

"Oh," says Everett, sweeping off his hat, "a thousand respects and admiration, madam. Forgive an old man his blunders, for my eyes are not what they were. They look through dark glasses, yet, Miss Carmichael, I protest they find you fair."

Chloris said nothing, but merely bowed, for she had her eyes on her father with some anxiety, her face warm with her confusion and her excitement; and, turned thereby to a sharper beauty, she glowed like a jewel in the sun. Sir Stephen waited until Warburton reached him. He had cast a glance at his daughter, and after that continued to regard the young man. The two confronted each other, and Warburton gravely saluted the company. He made no explanation of his odd arrival, nor attempted to refer to Chloris.

"I should offer you an excuse, sir," he said, "for my trespass again upon this island, but I am come on business. Yet if I had known what now I know I need not have come," and his gaze dwelt lightly on Everett.

"Any man that comes on business here has a right here," said Sir Stephen coldly. "Yet last time you came on no business but as a stranger who trespasses."

"I will trespass no more," he answered, "for I see I am not needed here."

"What, Mr. Warburton!" said Sir George in a friendly voice. "You are not going already. You shall go back with me."

"Sir, I must beg you not to cut short this honour you have done us," said Sir Stephen quickly. "As for Mr. Warburton, no doubt you think it strange that we meet so coolly. But you are aware of a sad accident that befell some time since. My son Nicholas is a hot-blooded fellow; there was no excuse for him save wine and a quarrelsome temper on both sides. Well, what will you, my dear sir?" He shrugged his shoulders expressively. "But Mr. Warburton and my son are still at loggerheads. It is wiser they do not meet. Hence my recommendation. He is better away lest another quarrel be brought upon us."

"Why, damme, Warburton, you are pugnacious," said Sir George reproachfully. "Let ill alone. Shirley was a hot fellow, too, poor devil. It is no affair of yours. I had forgot that there was any such bother, and Heaven is my witness that we cannot carry other people's worries. I am glad to be quit of them. Besides, the girl's heart was not concerned. Yet I must be going immediately, and will take you home."

"I entreat you to spare me yourself a little longer, sir," said Sir Stephen, "but Mr. Warburton is another case. You see he looks morose and broods. He had better begone," and he laughed lightly and pleasantly.

"By the Lord, but my girl must not see this Nicholas of yours," broke in Everett suddenly. "It escaped me. She cannot have known when she consented to come. Heavens, she breaks out like a bitch when she is spiteful. She must be carried away at once."

Sir Stephen, seeming to resign, motioned his guest gracefully towards the house, as though he would offer him his last compliments. He called his daughter to him, and, leaning heavily upon her shoulder, went up the lawn. Warburton followed, for he had not yet done with Sir Stephen. At the terrace of white stone the old man paused, lifted his hand from his daughter's shoulder and turned on him.

"Hark you, Mr. Warburton," he said more harshly than he was used to speak, "you were best away. I think no gentleman should require a further intimation."

"I am not here as a friend, nor yet as an acquaintance, sir," retorted Warburton sharply, "I am a piece of the Law, a note of interrogation, to question you. I will not go without my answer. What is it you want with Miss Holt? Your family have done harm enough. You should be ashamed to raise your hands again."

"Is it true?" asked Chloris swiftly of her father. "Is Miss Holt here? Who is Miss Holt?"

He did not reply, but frowned on Warburton. "I have warned you to be gone," he said, and with a gesture of authority dismissed his daughter within the house. "You know how matters stand here. I do not give warning in vain. You have declared yourself hostile, and we are in a state of war. Do not suppose that the Carmichaels will forget that. They forget too little and achieve too much. I give you leave to go now. Yet there is something to explain in what I saw just now. I shall ask for some explanation of what conduct you showed towards my daughter."

"Sir, I explain nothing," returned Warburton coolly. "Your daughter may."

Sir Stephen's eyes flashed, but a look of doubt dulled them, and he tottered up the steps on his stick without answer.

Warburton went down the pathway, but as he turned the corner of the house almost ran against Dorothy Holt and a companion. This, to his astonishment, he recognised as Philip Carmichael, very cheerful, very handsome, and impudently smiling. He grinned the wider on seeing Warburton, but opened his eyes full.

"Lynsea seems to hold an attraction for you, Mr. Warburton," he observed. "It is not everyone who loves us so much."

"I am here to fetch Miss Holt," he answered simply. "It is not well for her to be here."

"Faith, I am the better judge of my behaviour," retorted the girl sharply. "I am not in your charge, Mr. Warburton."

"No; I was unaware that your guardian was with you," he answered, "or I would not have presumed upon this liberty. Yet now I am arrived here I would urge you to return. Miss Holt, 'tis not seemly."

The colour rose in her face, though she was plainly flustered by his rebuke. "'Tis ungentlemanly in you to lecture me!" she said, "as if I were not a better authority on manners! I know what becomes a lady, sir."

"You are here a guest of those that slew one you were to have wed," he said bluntly, being angered with her.

"La!" she said with a little quiver, "you need not to remind me. I bear it in my heart. But, indeed, I made a silly blunder in supposing a duel was not honourable, however cruel it be. But, indeed, sir," she said, turning prettily on Philip Carmichael. "But, indeed, indeed, 'twas cruel in your brother. He was most uncivilly drunken."

"That he was," assented Philip, nodding.

Warburton was amazed by this change in her spirit. He had never understood her, and he could make of her even less than nothing at the present moment. What he saw clearly was that the grounds of that hostility were slipping from under his feet. If this girl should give up, there would be no excuse for him to maintain a feud, since his was a wrong incomparable with hers. He stared on her stupidly, but, getting his thoughts again, begged to have a word with her in private. Philip Carmichael stood apart, rapping his top-boots with his whip, or idly chafing with it his smalls.

"What does this conduct mean?" asked Warburton severely.

"You must not ask me," she said, veiling her eyes with her long lashes. "You must trust me. I have trusted you."

He frowned impatiently. "You have brought me here on a fool's errand, because I thought you in danger."

"In danger!" she echoed with surprise in her voice.

"Aye; it is probable that we both are in peril. These Carmichaels have no scruples. Already my life has been attempted. See yonder fine fellow—how he watches us out of his soft eyes."

"But why do they want your life?" she asked breathlessly.

"Because I have some of their secrets. I hold them in my power," he answered.

"What is this secret?" she whispered, with a furtive glance at Philip. But he lounged and appeared to take no heed.

"No, I cannot tell you that," he replied. "To do so would be to expose you to a greater peril. They shall know that you know nothing. I will return that safe before I leave. But you would be safer away. This man is one thing, but where is Nicholas Carmichael, I ask you?"

She shook her head and shuddered. "I was told he would not be here; I could not have faced that murderer," she said; and it was evident that she spoke the truth.

"Get your guardian back as soon as you may," he urged. "Miss Holt, you know not this family, nor what they have to guard. Their blood runs like fire in them; it is as volatile as a spirit, and always in flame. They are stark animals, with fine hides and handsome faces. God pity those that offend them."

"Then you run great danger already," she cried, "and God must pity you."

"Nay, madam, but I think God shall pity more those that offend me," said Warburton grimly. "Come, get you back," and he laid a persuasive hand upon her arm. This act of entreaty might easily have borne another meaning from a little distance, and so Philip Carmichael interpreted it. He opened his eyes, and stared, and then resumed the tapping on his boot faster than ever.

Warburton turned aside, and Dorothy met her escort with an engaging smile. "La! Mr. Warburton is tiresome. He will harp upon that which is gone; he thinks I must be for ever wearing weeds and long faces."

Philip disappeared into the house with this enchantress, and Warburton was destined to another encounter. He descended to the terrace steps to the lawn, and hardly had he done so, when Chloris Carmichael came upon him with a rush.

"Who is that?" she asked breathlessly. "Is it Miss Holt who is here? It was that girl that I saw walking from your the other day."

"True," answered Warburton. "She is here as your guest."

"I want her not," said Chloris fiercely. "I hate her face. She is a sly doll. I know what she is here for—to deal treachery by us. I will tell Nick."

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Warburton sharply. "There has been enough mischief done by your house."

"Who are you to command?" she asked indignantly. "I put Nick upon her. Philip is a fool, but Nick shall answer for his purpose."

"What?" said Warburton in reproachful tones. "Your brother slew this child's lover upon the verge of their match. Would you turn slay her?"

"That I would," she flamed forth, "and you too. I would you to death willingly. You are brutal and traitorous. I tell you are a spy. What are you doing here with this girl?"

"I am upon private business," he returned sternly. "I will suffer any wild woman to question me. You break out too near Madam Chloris."

He moved away, but she put herself in his road. "Is it what you say, that you are not in league with her?" she asked eagerly, her anger vanished. Almost she implored him to end the charge.

"I should be sorry to league myself with any woman," he answered. "I should count myself a fool and more if I trusted my neck to any chit."

"Forgive me," she said quickly and penitently, "but I do not guess what brings you here."

He examined her fixedly. "You will learn some day," he said with a faint laugh, and swiftly carried her to his breast. She was still a moment, and then wrestled with him like a tiger. He laughed and put her down. He knew he had authority upon her, and was joyous in his confidence. She was drawn by the lodges of his implacable will and strong nature, and he had no doubt as to her feeling for him. What he did not understand was its character; he took it to be of coarse grain, whereas it was delicate, intangible, fierce, and magical as the fire. He had now two of the Carmichaels under his hand, whom he could dance to his tunes; and he must spread his net for the others. There was no yielding in his purpose; he was adamant; the highest and strongest passion might hammer on his heart in vain. The man had set his face one way, and not even Black Nicholas Carmichael with his face one way, and not even Black Nicholas Carmichael with his spirit of a devil could move him aside. In truth the pieces on both sides were dangerous beyond the ordinary. The two had met their match in each other.

(To be continued)

## Victims of the War

CAPT. PETER ROBERT DENNY, 1st Dragoon Guards, attached to the 13th Hussars, killed in action near Dewetsdorp, was born January 5, 1875. He joined the 1st Dragoon Guards as Second Lieutenant from the Militia December 7, 1895; became Lieutenant July 4, 1896; and Captain December 30, 1899. His portrait is by Bullingham, South Kensington.

Captain Frank Lewis Prothero, 1st Battalion Welsh Regiment, was mortally wounded in action at Karreefontein and died of his wounds, was born June 30, 1868. He joined the Welsh Regiment as Second Lieutenant March 23, 1889; became Lieutenant December 17, 1890; and Captain July 5, 1896. He served in the operations on the North-West Frontier of India 1897-98, with the Tirah Field Force (medal with clasp). Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.

Second Lieutenant Stamford Henry Hutton, 1st Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, died at Ladysmith of enteric fever. He was born January 7, 1880, and was the youngest son of Mr. Altham Hutton, of Rookwood. He joined the Army December 6, 1898. Our portrait is by Stanley and Co., Queen's Gate.

Captain Stuart C. Maitland, of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, who was killed at Pieter's Hill, was in his twenty-seventh year. He joined his regiment in May, 1893, reaching lieutenant's rank in August, 1896. He was promoted to captain in October last, and was serving in his first campaign.

Captain George Percy Brasier-Creagh, who died of wounds at Eerstelaagte, was born in 1864, and entered the Army through the Militia in 1884. He was transferred to the Indian Staff Corps in 1886, and from 1889 to 1894 was A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India. Captain Brasier-Creagh served as Sir William Lockhart's orderly officer in the second Miranzai Expedition (mentioned in despatches), also in the Isazal Expedition of 1892, and the Chitral Expedition of 1895. In the operations on the North-West Frontier in 1897 he served with the Malakand field force, and in those of the following years with the Tirah expeditionary force, receiving mention in despatches.

"THE Nursing Profession; How and Where to Train" (The Scientific Press) received such a welcome last year that a new issue has just been brought out, carefully revised by representatives of each institution mentioned. The volume, which is edited by Sir Henry Burdett, codifies and condenses the information it gives upon a plan which brings the whole nursing field under review. Would-be nurses will find all the information they need in deciding upon the institution at which to go through their training, and to find employment afterwards. For the general public the book is very useful in furnishing particulars of nursing institutions, and the fees charged at each.



# The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

My depreciation of the sugar-sifter has evoked a chorus of val, and countless communications assure me that I am only a many sufferers from the idiotic contrivance. I am asked, ver, how the grievance can be remedied. The only real cure see is to get rid of the sifter and use an ordinary spoon. But the sugar-sifters are valuable on account of their age and workmanship, the piercing of some of them is beautiful in and exquisite in execution, and it seems a pity to consign the green baize tomb of the family plate-box. Some people use electro-plate, and derive a keen satisfaction from the hit that they have a store of valuable silver that never sees in point of fact they pay a large sum annually for something that they never gaze upon—I beg pardon, I was forgetting the sifter. I think it would be possible to have a detachable glass liner made for it, so that the beauty of its piercing might be visible, and at the same time it would be transformed into a spoon that would convey the sugar to your plate instead of spilling it over the table-cloth, on the floor, over your coat, or your sleeve. I trust this idea may meet the views of my correspondents, especially that of a courteous gentleman who expostulated with me for not sufficiently considering the artistic status of the

On the matter of regimental dinners, "Q.M.S." made an excellent suggestion the other day in the *Standard*. He remarked that such dinners would be likely to be scantily patronised this year on account of so many being away on service, and then said, "I would suggest that they should be abandoned, and that those who would otherwise have attended them should send the price of their dinner to one of the War Funds, either individually or through the Secretary of the Dinner Fund." This admirable idea cannot be made too widely known, and it is sincerely to be hoped that official notice of the notion may be taken in the right quarter, and

present constituted, has, to a great extent, had its day. When the citizens actually resided in the one square mile it formed an admirable centre for study, but now that all of us live in the suburbs its occupation's gone, and it is but a shadow of its former self for all practical purposes." If I mistake not, the London Institution, which was established close upon a century ago, was the forerunner of the numerous associations of a kindred nature that at one time existed in various quarters of our city and in many country towns. A great many of these have now altogether disappeared, but the classical building in Finsbury Circus, which had the father of Shirley Brooks for its architect, has hitherto held its own with considerable strength and dignity. The writer above quoted hints at there being some scheme for improvement and reconstruction under consideration. I have not much faith in the refitting of ancient ships. Either let them ride at anchor in a safe harbour, or let their career come to an end.

## Naval Brigades in War

By H. W. WILSON

THE arrival of the *Powerful's* Naval Frigate in England—the first organised body of men to return from the scene of war in South Africa—reminds us once more of the great part which the Navy has always played, even in struggles which were fought out wholly upon *terra firma*. Though the term "Naval Brigade" is essentially modern, the idea is old enough, going as far back as we can trace the history of our fleet. In all the great struggles with France in the American Wars of 1775—1783 and 1812-15 we find bodies of seamen doing duty on land. Sailors and guns were landed to aid Wellington in besieging San Sebastian during the Peninsular War, and it was only bad luck that prevented a Naval Brigade from figuring at Waterloo, since Captain Charles Napier, with some hundred seamen of the *Euryalus*, was told off to take charge of a pontoon train and co-operate with the great Duke. The Duke, however, objected at the last moment to the scheme, and the disconsolate Napier and his men got no further than Antwerp.

In the Crimea the Navy, of course, co-operated in the terrible siege of Sebastopol. As early as September 28, 1854, orders were issued by Admiral Dundas, commanding the British Black Sea

He held his ground, and when the Russians were seen to be falling back demolished a part of the parapet of the battery, which limited the gun's training, slewed the heavy weapon round and poured its fire into the masses of the enemy. The same Hewitt played a great part at Inkerman when his battery helped no little to save the day.

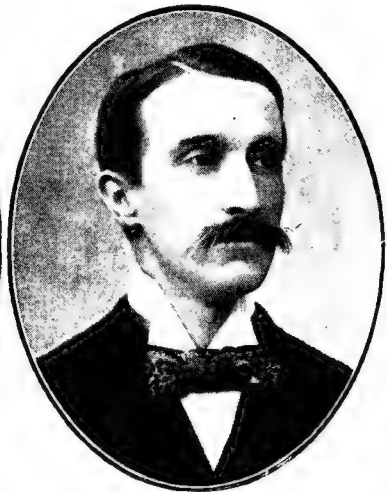
As the siege continued the strength of the brigade, from sickness and casualties, fell considerably, and in early 1855 its quality showed much deterioration as comparatively raw men came out from home in newly commissioned ships and were drafted into it. But from first to last it was one of the mainstays of the British generals in command.

In the Indian Mutiny, where, as to-day in South Africa, the fighting was wholly by land, it would scarcely seem that there was occasion for the employment of a large number of seamen in fighting the mutineers. Yet in the dearth of British troops great demands had to be met by the Navy. In July, 1857, General Ashburnham applied to Lord Canning, the Governor-General, asking for a Naval Brigade to defend his line of communications, and suggesting as the officer in command Captain Peel, of Crimean fame. Peel had just arrived at Calcutta with the *Shannon* and *Pearl*, conveying Lord Elgin, the British Plenipotentiary to China. The ships and their men were at once placed at the Governor-General's service, and on August 16, 400 seamen, six 8-inch shell guns, two 24-pounders, and two field guns left for the front. They ascended the Ganges in a river steamer, taking with them a launch and a cutter. A second party from the *Shannon*, 120 strong, followed some days later, while the *Pearl* landed 150 men, under Captain Sotheby, to defend Patna.

Peel was an officer of extraordinary dash and energy, coupled with a kindness which made him beloved by his men. "Bright and joyous in the field," says Colonel Malleson, "with a kind word for every comrade, he caused the sternest duty ordered by him to become a pleasant pastime." He and his men took a great part in the advance under Sir Colin Campbell to the second relief of Lucknow, driving back the Sepoys left at Kajwa. Here, as at Lucknow, was seen what at this time was considered a most extraordinary sight—heavy 24-pounders in the skirmishers' line. The way the seamen knocked these big guns about, and handled them as if they had been tiny mountain guns, astonished everyone. The Shah Najat at Lucknow was stormed, mainly through the effect produced by the Naval Brigade's rockets after its walls had been breached by the naval heavy guns. In the fighting at this point,



LATE CAPTAIN G. P. BRASIER-CREAGH  
Died of wounds at Eirstelaarte



THE LATE CAPTAIN F. L. FROTHERO  
Died from wounds received at Karreefontein



THE LATE CAPTAIN P. R. DENNY  
Killed near Dewetsdorp



THE LATE SECOND LIEUT. S. H. HUTTON  
Died at Ladysmith of enteric



THE LATE CAPTAIN MAITLAND  
Killed at Pieter's Hill

in the place of a number of dull, thinly attended dinners there would be a substantial contribution to the funds connected with the

An excellent article that recently appeared in *Literature* on French and English, "we read that a Mlle. Dufour at some entertainment sang a version of 'Ta-ra-ra-ra, boum de ay,' in which she put together all the English words she had ever heard. A converse is given which is so madly comical that I cannot think it must be the work of some cunning English scribble. The lines reminded me somewhat of 'Le Sport' which appeared in *Punch* some time ago, of which I venture to a verse:—

I dearly love *Britannique sport*—  
*J'aime beaucoup* your crustiport;  
*Payfalement* I can stalk zee fox—  
I am first-rate to fist *le boxe*!  
I out-zee *faisan*, poach zee hare,  
At steeplechase I drive a pair I  
I play zee crickets verivell,  
And drink your *portare-bidre-fellel*.  
Oyesse! I climb your gay polo,  
I back your odds quite *comme il faut*;  
So "mine your eye," I say, "old chaps,"  
Ven I put on my handicaps!

As to time there have been some very good examples of English in *Punch*. I fancy some of these were furnished many years ago, though, doubtless, his best work of this kind is given in the conversations of De Florac in "The S. S." I can remember some inimitable letters from "Jean" which appeared in a short-lived magazine a good many years ago, in which French-English was most humorously and truthfully. I rather think these excellent letters were the work of W. S. Gilbert.

fleet, to form a Naval Brigade for service in the trenches. Two hundred men were to be drawn from each of the large ships of the line, and a smaller proportion from the lesser craft. At the same time a large number of heavy lower-deck guns were to be sent ashore to form part of the siege train. "Martello Tower," who served in the Brigade, and whose reminiscences are of the greatest value and interest, tells us that every man in the fleet wanted to go, and that, therefore, the detachments had to be selected by the captains. The Brigade landed 1,400 strong, and dragged its heavy guns to the front by hard labour, astonishing the soldiers no little.

The courage and heroism of the seamen was shown by a hundred incidents, but not least of all by this story of "Martello Tower's":—"About half an hour after opening [the bombardment] I was standing near the muzzle of the gun to make sure that the shell was inserted in the right way, when I was aware of a red flash, and instantly found myself splattered with blood and pieces of flesh from the loader's arm, which had been shattered from elbow to wrist by a fragment of shell which had burst just outside the embrasure. He stepped back and I cut off part of my shirt to cover up the limb while I put on a tourniquet, the man meantime coolly observing that I didn't handle it as if I were used to the business."

The Naval Brigade was divided into three sections, each of which spent in turn one day in the trenches. The seamen by their liveliness and endurance set everyone a fine example. "Sometimes in these early days of October, 1854, while our soldiers were lying upon the ground, weary, languid, and silent, there used to be heard a strange uproar of men, coming nearer and nearer. Soon the comers would prove to be Peel of the *Diamond* with a number of her sailors, all busy in dragging up to the front one of the ship's heavy guns." The seamen showed, too, that they were better able than the soldiers to look after themselves. They lost fewer men through sickness, and would find food when everyone else starved. How they managed this was not usually made the subject of strict inquiry. It need only be said that sheep missing from the commissariat stores invariably turned up in the Naval Brigade's camp.

Among the many heroic deeds which stand to the credit of these admirable seamen none was finer than Hewitt's—afterwards the well-known Admiral—defence of the Lancaster Battery. On October 26, 1854, the Russians worked round the flank of the gun, and it seemed that it must be lost. Orders were sent to Hewitt to spike it and retire. He declared, however, that he would take no orders except from the officer commanding the Naval Brigade, and as this message had not come from him declined to leave the gun.

desperate and doubtful as it was for hours, Peel earned immortal fame by his iron will and wealth of resource—never losing heart and baffled by no difficulty.

To cover the retreat from Lucknow and the withdrawal of the garrison, the Naval Brigade bombarded the works held by the Sepoys. Returning to Cawnpore the Brigade's heavy guns saved the important bridge of boats which the enemy was attempting to destroy. In the battle of Cawnpore, fought against the ablest of the Sepoy generals, Tantia Topi, the Naval Brigade gained the day on the left, where a canal bridge was being fought for. "For a moment the struggle seemed doubtful, when a rumbling sound was heard, and William Peel and his sailors, dragging with them a heavy 24-pounder, came up with a run, dashed through the skirmishers, planted the gun on the bridge and opened fire. The effect of this splendid deed was electric . . . it completely cowed the enemy."

In the final capture of Lucknow the Naval Brigade took a distinguished part, but here was so unfortunate as to lose its beloved commander. Captain Peel was severely wounded in the storming of the Martinière, and died of smallpox on his way down to Calcutta. Thus he fell before he could receive the full reward for his great services.

Such was the enthusiasm caused by the deeds of the Brigade that it was given a public reception at Calcutta, which, in heartiness and splendour, had till that time never been surpassed.

In both Ashantee Wars the Navy, we need scarcely say, lent a large force of men. In the Zulu campaign of 1878-79 the seamen of the fleet had also a place. A detachment of men from the *Active*, about 200 strong, with two 7-pounders, a Gatling and two rocket tubes, was attached to Colonel Pearson's column and marched to Inyezane, where a sharp action was fought. Here the Naval Brigade actually charged the enemy, but the Zulus, instead of holding their ground, when they might have cut the gloriously temerarious little force to pieces, bolted. The column was brought to a standstill at Ekowe by the disastrous news of Isandhlwana, entrenched itself, and stood a siege from January 26 to April 3, 1879. With the relief force was a large Naval Brigade from the *Shah*, *Boadicea* and *Tenedos*, and another detachment from the *Active*. In this siege the suffering of the garrison of Ekowe were never very severe; the enemy had no artillery and so there was no terrible bombardment, as at Ladysmith, to be feared.

At Alexandria, in 1882, all the seamen and marines who could be detached were sent ashore after the bombardment under Lord







Charles Beresford, to stop the pillaging of the town. It was the seamen at Alexandria, under the direction of Captain Fisher—now the Admiral commanding on the Mediterranean station—who constructed the first armoured train employed in war by the British. The train carried first a 9-pounder and afterwards a 40-pounder, and did excellent service.

In the Suakim Campaign of 1884, under General Graham, a Naval Brigade, 115 strong, fought at El Teb and Tamai. At El Teb the seamen, with machine guns, were placed at the angles of the square and had hand-to-hand fighting, in which Captain—now Rear-Admiral and Controller of the Navy—Wilson won the Victoria Cross. He advanced to meet the rush of the "Fuzzy Wuzzies," broke his sword in the *mêlée*, and held his ground by the use of his fists, receiving a severe wound. At Tamai the Naval Brigade was attacked suddenly by an ambushed party of the enemy and lost three officers and many men.

In the expedition which moved up the Nile, in late 1884, to the rescue of Gordon was a small Naval Brigade with machine guns under Lord Charles Beresford. In the battle of Abu Klea the British square was reached by a sudden rush of the enemy; a Gardner gun at a critical moment jammed, and there was a desperate hand-to-hand fight. Lord Charles Beresford was slightly wounded with a spear, and was thrown down by the rush of combatants. Lieutenants Pigott and De Lisle, both of the Navy, were killed defending the Gardner gun, and, in all, one-third of the Brigade—which was only forty strong—were killed or wounded. On reaching the Nile Lord Charles Beresford with his seamen patrolled the river in the rotten little *Safih*, and went to the rescue of Sir Charles Wilson when the news came in that Khartoum had fallen. His adventures, it has truly been said, seem to belong rather to romance

than to reality—the constant running of the gauntlet through the hail of Dervish shells, the bursting and the mending of the boiler—are, or should be, familiar to all.

Passing over the minor campaigns in which our Navy is constantly engaging—leaving the expeditions against the Sultan of Witu on the East Coast of Africa, and against the sanguinary Nana on the West Coast, and the fighting in far-off Samoa, we come to the present campaign. In the final re-conquest of the Sudan, we may note, no Naval Brigade figured, though Naval officers had charge of the fine flotilla of gunboats. On the outbreak of war in October last small Naval Brigades were hurriedly sent up country to Stormberg and De Aar. At the same time Captain Percy Scott, a man whose name is now familiar to all, set to work to construct field carriages for a number of the ships' heavy guns—long 12-pounders of the naval quick-firing pattern, and even 4.7-in. guns. He knew the weakness of our land forces in artillery at that date; he alone seems to have foreseen the part which heavy but mobile guns would play in the war, and with admirable prescience and energy he set to work to supply a palpable want, doing just the work which the Navy had done in the old Crimean and Mutiny days. Two 4.7-in. guns and four 12-pounders, on hastily improvised field mountings, were sent round to Durban in the *Powerful*, were landed from that ship, and taken up to the front by Captain Hon. Hedworth Lambton, with about 260 officers and bluejackets detached from the big cruiser's company. How opportunely they arrived is well known to all. The six Naval guns in Ladysmith much outranged the Army 15-pounders, and were the only weapons in the town that could reach the Boers. They had with them 566 rounds—many of which were lyddite shell—for the 4.7's and 1,036 rounds for the 12-pounders.

The supply of ammunition being none too large, great restraint had to be exercised, and the guns were never fired unless the enemy was troublesome. At the end of the siege only forty-two shots remained for the 4.7's, though there were 252 rounds of 12-pounder cartridge left. Three days after the Naval Brigade arrived Ladysmith was isolated.

While Captain Lambton and his men were hammering the Boer siege guns from Ladysmith, other Naval Brigades landed and took part in the war. The 4.7's and 12-pounders of Captain Scott's pattern were in universal demand, and in February a 6-inch weapon was actually placed on a field carriage and sent up to the front by Captain Scott. A small brigade, 365 strong, under Captain Prothero, with four 12-pounders—afterwards strengthened by two 4.7's—accompanied the northward march of Lord Methuen and left a trail across the veldt in noble blood. At Graaf Reinet the Boer marines, seamen assaulted a kopje on the Boer left—the key to the position—and carried it with terrible loss. Captain Prothero was wounded, Major Plumbe, Captain Senior, and Commander Ethelston were killed. On that day Midshipman Huddart, of the *Doris*, to especial praise. At the bottom of the hill he fell shot in the leg; staggering forward, he gained the summit, and with a mortal wound breathed forth his life, thus setting an example which will be remembered to all time. With General Buller's army the relief of Ladysmith was another Naval Brigade under Captain Jones; it had with it two 4.7's and no less than four 12-pounders. It co-operated in all the bloody and disastrous battles in Natal, and at Spion Kop the Naval officers were the men who were certain that guns could be got to the top of the mountain and who were prepared to take them up.



To many of our men at the front a wash has become a positive luxury. Indeed, we read of some troops who had no chance of changing clothes or boots for three weeks. The delight of the men when they found a stream in which to wash their tired feet after a long day's trudge can be imagined. Our photograph is by Major T. B. Winter.

WITH GENERAL BULLER'S COLUMN: WELCOME REFRESHMENT AFTER A HARD DAY





DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT

Our Special Artist with General French's column, writing of the condition of the horses of the cavalry and Royal Horse Artillery under that General, says that the animals were completely worn out from lack of food and from overwork. The dragging of guns up the rough sandy hills with precarious sides, of which we give an illustration, was a sight often to be witnessed. On the occasion when the sketch was made, the work was terrible, and many of the animals, though urged and encouraged, fell down exhausted.

HORSE ARTILLERY CROSSING A DEEP NULLAH NEAR BLOEMFONTEIN





DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

Our Special Artist with General French writes:—"A detachment of Mounted Infantry from Burmah accompanied our force. They were mounted on tiny Borneo ponies, and the contrast between them and the Household Cavalry was funny when we happened to see the two together. One of the former, as he looked down from his lofty position, was heard to remark that he would rather ride a blooming dog."

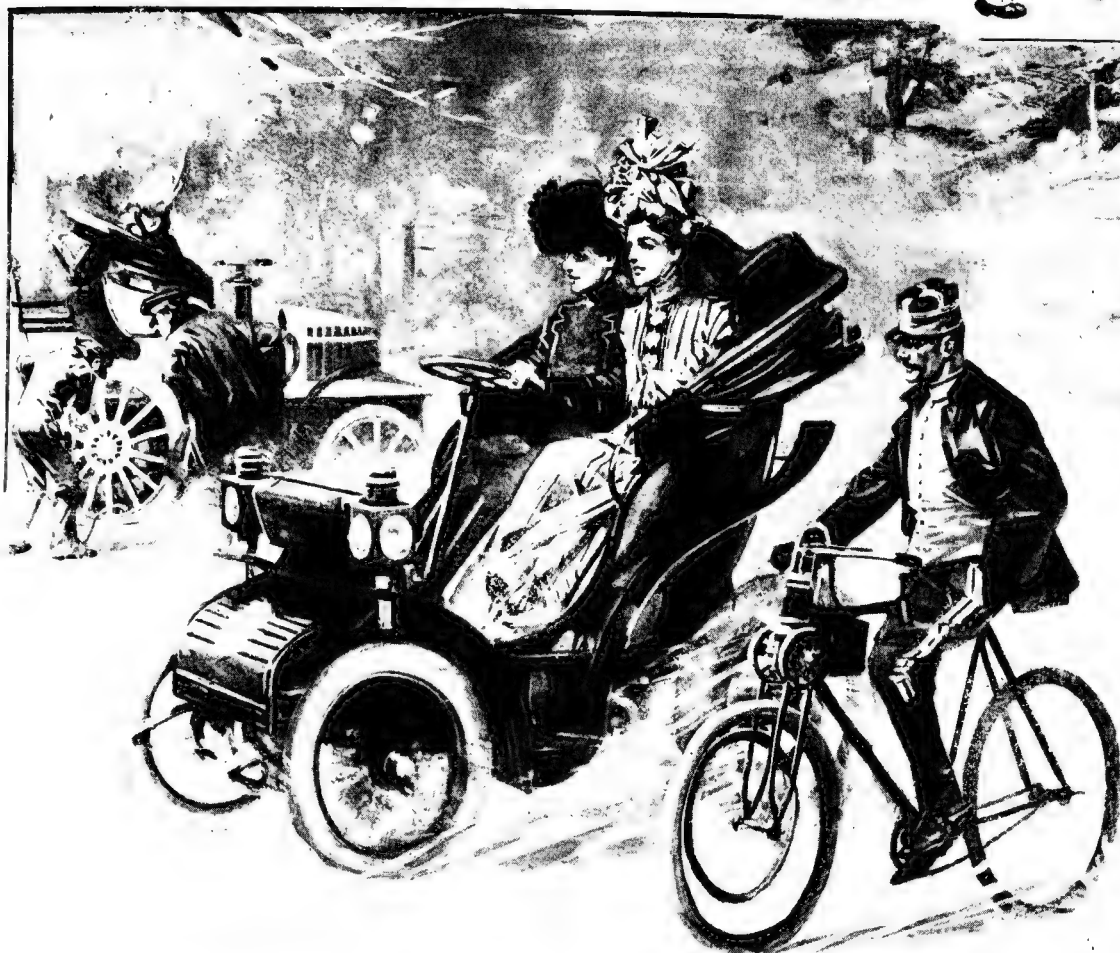
COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS: A CONTRAST IN MOUNTED TROOPS



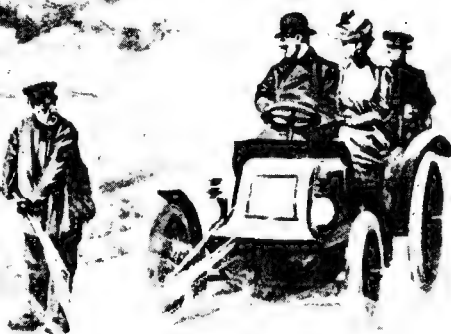
ON A SUNDAY MORNING.



REGULATING THE PACE IN PARIS.



IN THE BOIS.



RACING MEN.



A SKETCH IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

A SMASH, SOME KILOMETERS FROM HOME.

A Correspondent writes:—"Automobiling has 'caught on' to an extent in Paris and France generally, those who have not run over there lately will find difficult to realise. With no deterring regulations speed outside Paris, automobilists are having a high time, with a whole country of grand roads open to them to race in to their hearts' content. It is, however, over there, as here, only a private amusement, automobilists and business men having appeared, and from various causes regarded as practical failures. But still so great is the demand that the largest firms could not let you have a fine of an approved pattern under a year, though they are turning out one a day. Again, the

smaller industries called into being by the requirements of the automobilist are considerable. To particularise:—fur coats, with all the fur outside, heavy mackintosh suits, spectacles and face protectors, caps, etc., have an enormous demand. Petroleum also has been refined to a degree practically perfumeless. The newest and best machines make next to no noise, and next to no smell. Of course, this refers to petroleum machines. But electric motors at present are nowhere in France, because distance is the automobilist's ideal. Petroleum can be bought in any village and electricity cannot."

FRANCE IN 1900: THE CRAZE FOR AUTOMOBILING

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



## The Royal Academy

### SECOND NOTICE

MR. H. H. LA THANGUE'S work every year grows more powerful, and he has the unusual gift of making us feel interested in somewhat unattractive themes by the artistic treatment he lavishes on them. The British rustic, the ploughboy, the farm hand, and the bird-scarer, though conventionally supposed to be picturesque, do not in the ordinary way present many opportunities for pictorial treatment, but in the hands of Mr. La Thangue we find the result is in the highest degree satisfactory. Many painters are but illustrators after all, and derive their ideas from song, story, or drama; but the painter of whom we write inspires himself, so to speak—he paints his own poem and brushes his own ballad. Hence we have tender idyls and delightful pastorals that quite reconcile us to the joys of country life. It is the intense realism combined with subtle poetic handling that gives this artist's work a special charm. Look at "The Ploughboy," and note with what truth every portion of the picture is rendered, but observe what a poetic glamour is thrown over the whole by the effect of sunshine so cleverly introduced. Again see what beauty is evolved from a commonplace subject as "The Water-Plash." It is only a flock of geese crossing a brook, but see how the artist has brought them through the chequered shade, and artfully varied them with every variety of light.

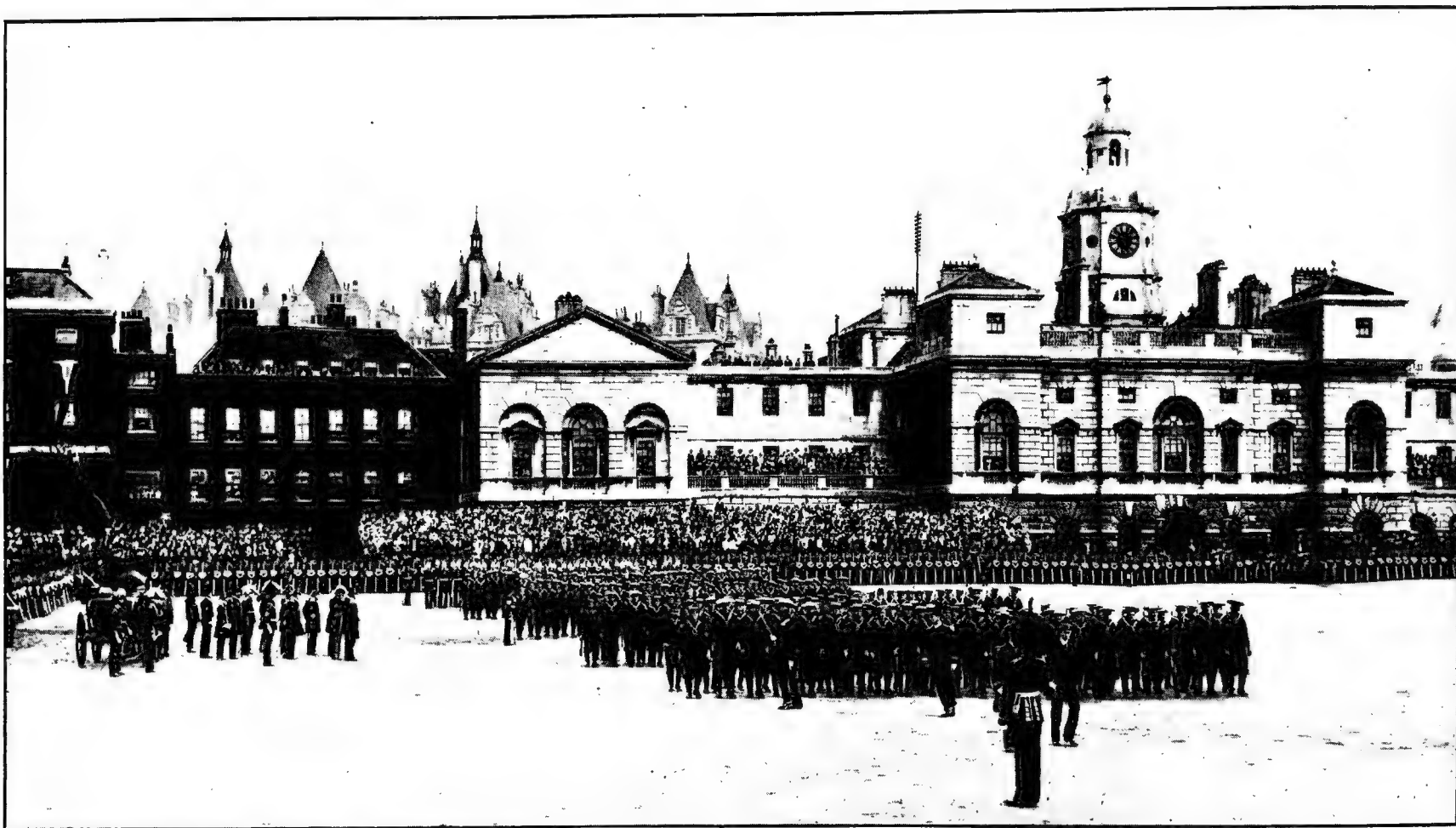
which the painter has freely availed himself. You get a view right up the Pool to London Bridge, with the dome of St. Paul's and the towers of the churches showing against the glowing evening sky, here and there obscured by a passing wreath of smoke. You have the shipping on either side, with craft drifting across the stream, you have the muddy waters of the Thames below bridge made golden, while you gaze upon one of those weird and beautiful sunsets that London alone can show. The peculiar qualities of atmospheric effect brought about by the combination of sun and smoke have been reproduced by the artist with great subtlety and distinguished success.

Those who are charmed with Mr. Sargent's superb picture of the three ladies, his portraits of Lord Russell of Killowen and the young Earl of Dalhousie, should by no means omit to pay a visit to Gallery IX. and see another work entitled "An Interior of Venice." It is much smaller than his usual canvases, but it is by no means inferior. You see his method carried out in this work exactly as it is in the larger pictures. This small painting—which, by the way, is the artist's diploma work—will repay lengthened study. It will show you he knows exactly what he is going to do before he does it—and, having done it, he leaves it. There is no vacillation, no changing of mind, no erasure, no teasing of colour. This possibly accounts in a degree for the brilliancy, the directness and the solidity of Mr. Sargent's work. The way in which the decorations of the room, the furniture, and the ornaments on the tables are indicated—and so indicated that at a little distance they look marvellously elaborated—and the way in which this is accomplished with an apparently rapid execution is something marvellous. It shows the painter combines great rapidity with an altogether unusual surciness of touch.

Prince's birthday morning began with military salutes and bell-rings, and the whole gathering of guests and the Imperial Family assembled in the Castle Chapel for a long religious service. The young Prince then formally took his oath of allegiance to the Emperor and his country, Emperor William warmly embracing his son afterwards. The service ended, all adjourned to the Throne room, where the Crown Prince held a reception for congratulatory standing between his mother and father. A grand banquet with 400 guests closed the day, the Austrian Emperor leaving immediately afterwards. The Crown Prince received an enormous number of presents, including a splendid silver bowl and autograph letter from the Queen. He is to be invested with the Order of Garter in the autumn, when he accompanies his father to Cow to see Her Majesty.

## At Earl's Court

EARL'S COURT, in one respect, is suggestive of the Paris Exhibition—it is unfinished, but incomplete though it may be, there is plenty to entertain the visitor. The Exhibition is designed, as is common knowledge now, to show how fair and interesting and capable a creation is woman. Women greet you at the turnstiles, take your money, they discourse music to you in the groups, they exhibit their handiwork and their prowess in all the arts, and their beauty in every clime, even though the Dinka maidens in the Dinka village may not be everyone's ideal. Woman, in short, is paramount at Earl's Court except among the visitors. She may show a preference for string rather than wind instruments, but no one will deny that the fancy Hussar uniforms of the bandswomen



The Naval Brigade from the *Powerful* having marched from Victoria Station to the Horse Guards' Parade, the men piled arms and entered the Admiralty buildings, to partake of refreshments. Returning to the parade, they stood at ease till the Prince of Wales and the Lords of the Admiralty appeared shortly before noon. The inspection was next proceeded with, and the brigade went very smartly through various evolutions. They then formed up, and Mr. Goschen addressed them, welcoming

and congratulating them in the name of the Board of Admiralty. After briefly recapitulating the services they had rendered, he said he was proud to address such a body of men. They had nobly upheld the traditions of the Service. They were proud of those who had gone before them, and their sons would be proud of them. The Prince of Wales also cordially welcomed the men, and each of the officers was presented to him. Our illustration is from a photograph by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street

### THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN LONDON: THE INSPECTION AT THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE

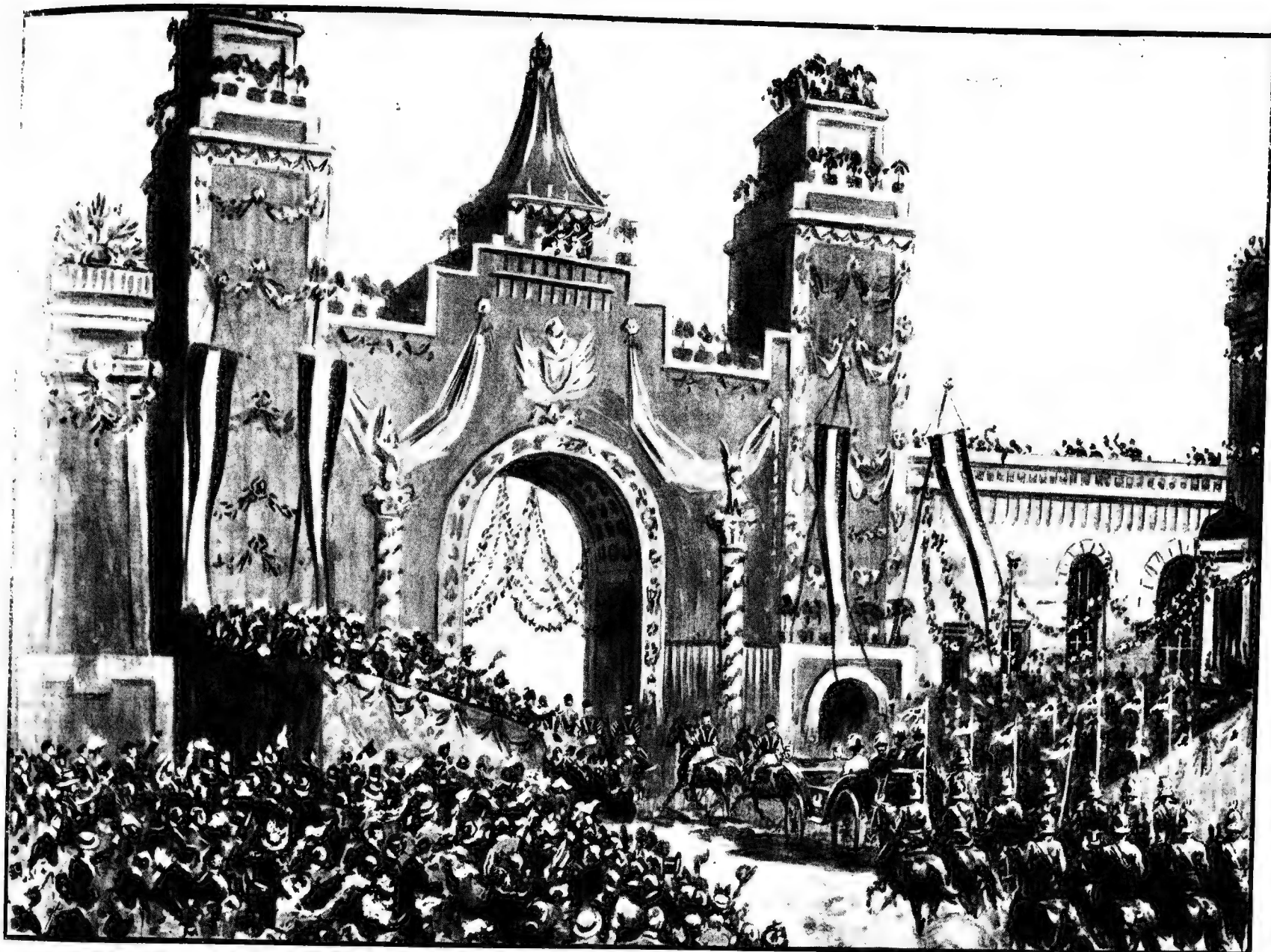
Mr. W. Dendy Sadler is another who finds his own subjects. It has been urged that he ought to paint pictures from the works of Charles Dickens, and one can easily imagine what graphic renderings from "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Great Expectations," or "David Copperfield" this painter could accomplish. Indeed one can shut one's eyes and imagine a dozen different favourite scenes glowing on his canvas. But we are inclined to think that to take the course indicated might possibly detract from Mr. Sadler's originality, and that his Georgian episodes and tales of the Regency might deteriorate in quality. This artist always has everything in harmony with the period he represents down to the most minute detail. Just look at "The Squire's Song," and when you have studied the variety of faces in the audience—some enthusiastic, some bored, some sneerful—observe the exactitude of the minor details. Look at the glasses, the curious pipe-rack, the old brass tobacco box, the punch bowl, and the countless trifles that go to make the picture an accurate record of the time. Mr. Sadler has painted not a few pictures where ladies of the period have been introduced with distinct success, but he does not seem to have painted many children. Now he might turn his attention in this direction, for the costume of the children of the Regency is exceedingly quaint.

The inexpressibly hideous Tower Bridge has since its erection figured in a good many paintings, but nobody has yet been able to make it look picturesque. Mr. Colin Hunter, however, has effectively solved the difficulty, and has turned his back on the bridge and painted the prospect therefrom. This is altogether a different matter. For you find a subject full of pictorial possibilities of

## The Coming of Age of the German Crown Prince

BERLIN has been in the highest state of enthusiasm over the festivities in honour of the Crown Prince's majority. Apart from the actual event itself, there was great satisfaction at the visit of the Austrian Emperor—such a marked sign of friendship between the two Imperial houses—while the presence of the Prince of Naples, representing his father, King Humbert, completed the proofs of the stability of the Triple Alliance. Among other guests were the King of Saxony, the Duke of York, representing our Queen, and Prince Albert of Belgium as the representative of King Leopold, not to mention a host of minor German Princes and the Imperial Family at its full strength. The only absentee was the Empress Frederick, who was not well enough to come. The guests were arriving all day Friday and Saturday, and naturally the grandest reception was for Emperor Francis Joseph. He passed amid cheering crowds to the Pariser Platz, where he stopped under a triumphal arch gay with the Hapsburg colours to receive an address of welcome from the Municipality, and to hear a poem of greeting recited by three young girls, who also presented a bouquet of lilies of the valley. The Duke of York followed later in the day, met at the station by the Emperor and his son with the staff of the British Embassy and the officers of the Queen's German regiment, the 1st Prussian Dragoons. The festivities began on Saturday with a grand military show at Jüterbog, where the Crown Prince accompanied the two Emperors. In the evening there was a gala performance at the Opera. The Crown

are unbecoming, and she proves herself capable of performing every manly task except the mixing of American drinks, this intricate operation it may be noticed being left to the mere man. Those interested in woman's work will do well, therefore, to visit Earl's Court and study woman's progress from the cradle, or rather the incubator—of which there are many in full blast—to the harem or the workshop. Many of the old features of previous exhibitions still survive. The wheel still revolves star-spangled with electric lights, and the switchback is there for the courageous souls. The electric boats ply to and fro and round about the lake, and in the streets of Khartoum and Cairo a crowd of good-natured donkey boys persuade the most sedate to practise cavalry evolutions. Newer are the dainty little carts or jinrickshaws drawn by tiny ponies, in which all and sundry may take a circumscribed but brisk drive round the grounds or a part of them, while the courts and gardens, charmingly laid out with new schemes of lighting, promise to provide a cool retreat during the warm weather which we are anxiously anticipating. Perhaps the most important section of the whole show is that which is confined within the four walls of the Empress Theatre. It is known in the catalogue as the Home Life, Work and Fashions of the Women of all Nations, and it consists of a number of most artistically arranged groups, representing woman's life in every quarter of the globe. This part of the Exhibition really partakes of the nature of a Beauty Show, because votes are to be given for the group most admired. The women in each section occupy themselves with household tasks, or with making articles for soldiers at the front, but one and all bear themselves with the consciousness that they are sustaining admirably the credit of their country in the matter of good looks.



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. KASKELINE

As soon as it was known that the Emperor of Austria and other Royal and Princely guests were going to attend the celebration of the German Crown Prince's coming of age, the Kaiser invited the City of Berlin to make arrangements for receiving the distinguished guests. The City Fathers responded to the

Kaiser's wishes by constructing a great triumphal arch on the inner side of the Brandenburg Gate, made to represent the Arch of Constantine. When the Emperor of Austria arrived, the procession stopped at the arch, and the Chief Burgomaster read an address of welcome on behalf of the city

WELCOMING THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AT THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE BRANDENBURG GATE



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. KASKELINE

The Emperor of Austria and other Royal and Princely guests—among them the Duke of York and the Duke of Naples—arrived in Berlin on Friday night to take part in the rejoicings over the coming of age of the German Crown Prince. After dinner in the Picture Gallery of the Royal Palace, at which there were 120 guests present, a tattoo was played by the massed bands of the Guards regiments in the Castle

gardens, the scene being illuminated by magnesium torches carried by soldiers. There was also an illumination of the imposing unfinished structure of the new Berlin Cathedral near the Castle and of public and private houses in most of the leading thoroughfares

THE MILITARY TATTOO IN THE ROYAL CASTLE GARDENS AT BERLIN

THE COMING OF AGE OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE



## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

MAY DAY opened auspiciously with warm airs and soft breezes. I noted a few decorated carthorses, though the majority wait for the Whit Monday display. The dustcarts, by a strange irony, were the most gaily adorned, with knots of scarlet paper, roses and tufts of pampas grass standing up boldly among the harness. I wish it were the fashion to adorn the doors of houses with green boughs and branches, as was done in old days when the milkmaids danced round the Maypole. We sadly want colour and greenery in our dull streets, and we should snatch every opportunity of infusing brightness into the grey monotony of bricks and mortar.

Carnivals in aid of the warfunds appear to have caught on in the country and suburbs. All around the people have risen to the occasion and set their wits to work to devise pretty pageants and interesting processions. These carnivals are a great improvement on the eternal sameness of bazaars, now used to death. A representation of historic incidents, a reminder of some of the heroic acts done by the nation, a feast of colour and brightness, all the poetry and mysterious effects of illuminations and torchlight processions can be obtained at a comparatively small cost; so that one may almost hope to see in the future such carnivals forming a part of the daily life of the people. Peterborough, Greenwich, Islington, Charlton, Deptford and many other towns have responded willingly to the suggestion, and some of the features of these displays have been both novel and picturesque. Here is a new field for women's fancy, and a new patriotic bond to link neighbours and friends together; for without organisation, without the willing co-operation of clubs, committees, town councils, and corporations, no really effective result can be attained.

From scientific observations made all over the world it appears that women's brains are invariably of less dimensions than those of men. Height and weight appear in nowise to affect this result. Men of less stature, men of equal weight with women, still own heavier and larger brains. The result is uniform in all countries, and with all races. Whenever and wherever measurements of brain have been attempted, the same thing is seen. Men have always nearly ten per cent. more brains than women.

Impregnated with this knowledge one is not surprised, though grieved, to learn that Mr. Treves, the eminent surgeon, considers ladies in war as a worse plague than flies, which can at least be got rid of by means of horsehair whips and other appliances. No doubt, these ladies meant well; they were anxious to help somebody, and to wash faces or pour eau-de-cologne over the hands of the wounded. But, alas! war is no rose-water affair, and ladies in trailing silks, with untrained habits, are of little use in camps and hospital wards. Here the difference in brain is perceptible, and had ladies of fashion reflected, they would have realised that they were, to say the least of it, inconsiderate in forcing themselves into places where lodgings being scarce, and food difficult to obtain, the greater the demands made on these things, the higher prices and the more intolerable inconvenience must inevitably occur.

The ladies of Cape Town were in their proper place, they were

doing their best, but the swarm of intruders, the frivolous strangers, it is they who were to blame. One regrets that such as these obtain notoriety, and that the whole of the sex must suffer in consequence in the eyes of the world for the folly of the smart section. Hundreds of kind and modest women are doing good and unobtrusive work daily, comforting the sick, helping the wives of soldiers, bearing their own sorrows patiently, and by their example raising the standard of womanhood. Well-dressed ladies, who have exhausted every form of excitement, giving picnics, and going out with carefully chosen toilettes to seek new emotions in the sad scenes of war, are, as Mr. Treves said, blots on the campaign. Where all men are brave, unselfish, and patient, women should at least try to emulate these qualities. It is said that Mr. Treves tested the good intentions of these amateur nurses by requesting

culturists. There seems no reason why every woman should study some branch of botany or entomology. It is essentially womanly occupation, intensely absorbing, and fraught with delicate interest at least to the person engaged in the pursuit, even if it is of no use to the general public. Many great men have turned their backs into the study of their life, and all lives must be better and wholesomer for the love of a real hobby.

The choice of a divided skirt, graceful and comfortable hitherto lain between semi-masculine and entirely hideous styles. The question appears to me to have been solved in the time of an artist like Mr. Percy Anderson. What could be more graceful than the costumes worn by San Toy; graceful, becoming, and convenient, composed of the most lovely stuffs, and ornamented in splendid yet artistic folds of gauze opening and closing with the quick movements of the wearer, show that grace and convenience can be successfully combined.

Lady Mary Saurin, who celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday a few days ago, adds yet another to the roll of hale and hearty ladies who have enjoyed life to the full. Her yearly pilgrimage to the south, undertaken at a time when most women prefer to sit of their fireside and then to an arm-chair, has, no doubt, prolonged her vigorous existence in a climate in winter, splendid in summer, and the hunter, is what too stern for the aged. It is the early spring that proves fatal to them. Lady Saurin, no doubt, realised this fact in the sunny south she has served her gaiety, her love of life, and her wonderful vitality.

The accident to Mlle. de Staal on her wedding-day, when she inadvertently set light to her veil with the taper she carried in her hand, was fortunately averted by her own and her husband's presence of mind. The Russian wedding, with the lighted tapers, the wedding crowns held over the heads of the bride and groom, is a very picturesque ceremony, far surpassing in its symbolism that of our own. We are forced to make do with the loss by our floral decorations, but these, which are usually supplied by the professional decorators, are sadly lacking in novelty. An American wedding recently the chancel was hung with cherry, peach and almond blossoms, producing an indescribably fresh poetic effect. The Japanese value the value of fruit blossom for decorative purposes. Palm-lilies form the sole stock-in-trade of the average English mind.

## "An Moorish Captivity"

THOUGH the *Tourmaline* is well-nigh forgotten, Mr. H. M. Grey's account of that fated expedition, "An Moorish Captivity" (Arnold), is worth reading, if only as a study in light-hearted and philosophical manner in which an Englishman can endure some very unpleasant experiences. The steamship *Tourmaline*, engaged in the ill-fated importation of arms and ammunition into Morocco, was surprised by the *Hassani*, an ancient Sultan's navy, whilst Mr. Grey

and some of her crew were ashore, and was forced to abandon them to their fate. That fate was no pleasant one, for the next four months were spent in close captivity, and in a disagreeable state of uncertainty as to what the end would be. Moorish methods of punishment, as witnessed and described by the author, offering a considerable variety of speculations on the subject. Eventually, however, the prisoners were handed over to the British Consular Court at Tangier and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment for offences against the Sultan of Morocco, whilst, curiously enough, the principal, Major Spilsbury, was acquitted by the Court at Gibraltar. Mr. Grey's narrative is highly interesting, though from the nature of his captivity he was unable to add much to our knowledge of what is indeed one of the least known parts of the Dark Continent.



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### AN INDOOR DRESS

them to wash basins and do various other homely and useful acts, so as to leave the trained nurses free to attend to the wants of the patients. Needless to say, the ladies did not respond readily to the invitation.

The honours given to Miss Ormerod and the great reputation she has attained among scientific men, show how a hobby taken up systematically and thoroughly may lead to very important results. Miss Ormerod lived in the country, and interested herself in the habits of beetles and other insects at first in purely amateur fashion. By degrees she studied and observed, until she became a high authority on the various pests which annoy farmers and horti-

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11 0 by 10 0	£ 5 10	15 0 by 11 0	£ 5 10
12 0 by 10 0	£ 5 10	13 0 by 12 0	£ 5 10
13 6 by 10 0	£ 5 10	14 0 by 12 0	£ 5 10
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7 9 by 5 2	£ 2 10	12 8 by 8 1	£ 5 0
7 6 by 6 3	£ 2 10	11 3 by 9 5	£ 6 0
9 6 by 6 0	£ 3 6	11 10 by 9 5	£ 6 10
8 7 by 7 0	£ 3 10	12 2 by 9 1	£ 7 2
8 10 by 7 1	£ 3 13	11 10 by 9 10	£ 7 3
9 5 by 7 3	£ 4 0	12 11 by 9 6	£ 7 4
10 4 by 7 5	£ 4 10	12 4 by 10 7	£ 7 10
10 4 by 7 7	£ 5 0	12 11 by 10 2	£ 7 10
11 0 by 8 0	£ 5 2	13 1 by 11 8	£ 7 0
12 2 by 6 11	£ 5 3	13 11 by 10 1	£ 9 0
9 7 by 8 6	£ 5 4	14 11 by 10 8	£ 9 6
10 11 by 7 11	£ 5 6	14 0 by 11 6	£ 10 6
11 5 by 7 3	£ 5 7	14 11 by 12 2	£ 11 12
12 4 by 7 9	£ 5 12	15 4 by 12 3	£ 11 0
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12 2 by 7 11	£ 6 3		

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## Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

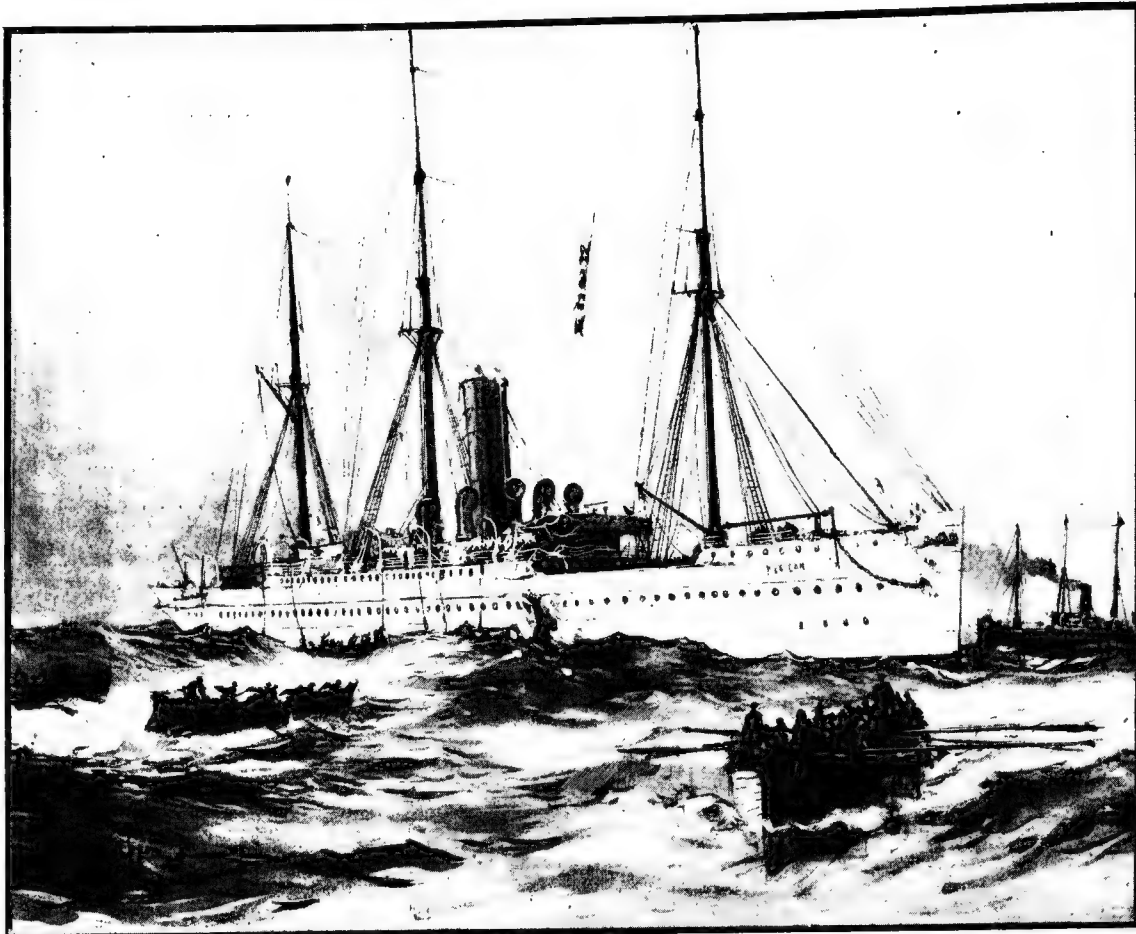
"I," SAID a lively Frenchman, "make castles in the air." "And I," interrupted his melancholy companion, "make dungeons." There are some of us whose minds work in the latter direction, and they are convinced that Great Britain is on the edge of a precipice. According to those pessimistic persons the war in South Africa will be prolonged indefinitely, the United States will espouse the cause of the Republics, Europe will intervene, and the future has in store for us a multitude of unexpected misfortunes. The excellent men who foresee those troubles sit at their clubs, shake their heads dolefully, and frighten their timid friends.

Meanwhile those who are in touch with the official world and foreign diplomatists take a much brighter view of the situation. According to them the war may be over in three months, and it will almost certainly be so in six. They maintain that the conduct of the war has revealed to Englishmen not only the weakness of our military system, but the strength of the Empire. They further point out that recent events have proved that, however greatly national passions may be aroused, the authorities in every European country are determined to avoid hostilities. The Peace Conference at The Hague was not a mere formality. Those optimistic views are entertained not by the mere "man at the club," who has little else to do but to digest his food and the misfortunes of his neighbours, but by the "men behind the scenes," men who are, or who have been, Ministers.

"The West End Woman" is an item now which cannot be omitted from political calculations. The West End Woman was fiercely in favour of the war in the winter, but it never occurred to her that the

Bachelor in Being might be detained in South Africa during the season months. That he is to be so detained has interfered with all her plans. It is not to be ignored that the London season of 1900 must inevitably be a dismal fiasco. Even the most unfeeling woman perceives by now that it will be all but impossible to dance in May-fair whilst British officers and men are dying in South Africa.

Several ladies, whose position gives them influence, have



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

THE LINER AS SHE APPEARED AFTER HAVING BEEN IN COLLISION WITH THE TRANSPORT "WINKFIELD"  
THE LOSS OF THE SS. "MEXICAN" EIGHTY MILES FROM CAPE TOWN

determined to make that aspect of the situation clear. They have decided not only to refuse every invitation of the kind, but to make their displeasure obvious to those who insist on giving balls, or on going to balls, whilst the war is still in an acute stage. That is true patriotism; it is also in the best of taste. Death and dancing are not becoming partners.

## The Wreck of the ss. "Mexican"

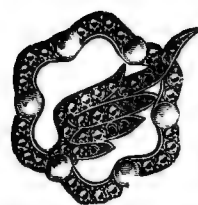
A CORRESPONDENT on board the ss. *Winkfield* writes describing the collision between that steamer and the ss. *Mexican* :—

"On April 5, at 1.10 a.m., I looked out of my port to see how dense the fog was—our whistle had been sounded frequently about twenty minutes, as far as I could judge—and I saw a large steamer evidently running across our bows. I saw about two-thirds of her, and immediately felt a shock making our ship shake from stem to stern, succeeded by two others of severity. This caused the loss of the *Mexican*, as she proved to be, to veer round slightly towards us—my cabin was on the port—just aft of the engine-room. The ship was now dimly lying ahead on the port bow, saw a masthead light, but did not see one on the starboard. We soon lost sight of her, knew her whereabouts, as she was blowing off steam and rockets. Two of our boats were taken off as soon as possible, many officers and some men of the ship with volunteers from the transport board. Major Hale went in the first boat and Drs. Green and Stewart in another. At this time the sea was moderate and by no means dense, but they were only guided to the *Mexican* by her rockets. The work of getting the people off the *Mexican* was practically finished by eleven a.m., and the mail had been taken off, most of them by us, but some by the transport *Montrose*, which came along about 9.30 and stood by till about two p.m., when she left as she refused her offers to tow. At 3.30 the captain of the *Mexican* and a crew being on board her, we began towing, but at 4.45 Captain Copp signalled us to cast off as she was sinking, although we could not see any appreciable difference in her. The captain and some men went aboard again about to scuttle the *Mexican*, as strong objection had been taken by us to the suggestion that we should tow her with no one on board. They returned at 7.30, and Captain Copp told me they had been unable to do anything, so they put up masthead lights and we left her at 7.45. The *Tagus* eventually went out after our arrival in Table Bay, and found she had evidently blown up and sunk.

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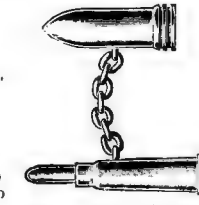
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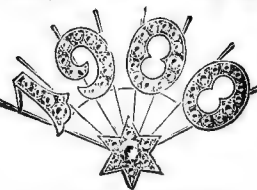


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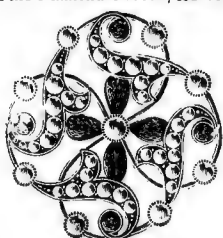


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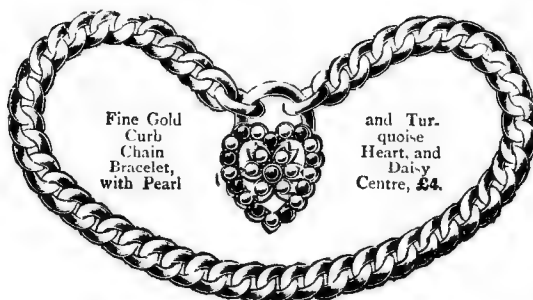
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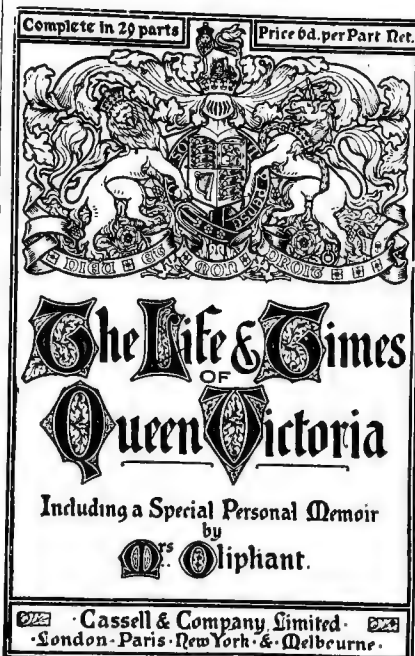
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dom see him nowadays. Others will  
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to describe its delights, for his pipe  
out. When he was at school, Jimmy  
a cane-chair, and he has since said that  
dry mixtures was not so noticeable as the  
dry mixtures to the Arcadia. I ask no  
for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia  
with anybody about anything. Were I  
Jimmy's statement, I would merely give  
ess at which the Arcadia is to be had,  
do. It would be as rash as proposing  
I am unacquainted for my club. You  
ay to smoke the Arcadia Mixture."  
Jimmy says:—"What I call the 'Arcadia' in  
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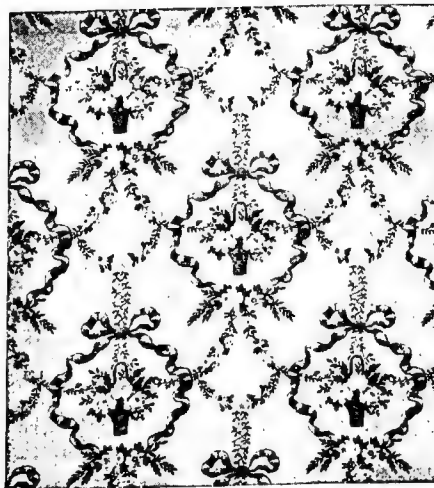
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## New Novels

## "SOPHIA"

It seems long since we had the pleasure of reading a novel from the pen of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman. "Sophia" (Longmans, Green, and Co.) has, however, been well worth waiting for; though it is to be hoped that we shall not have to wait anything like so long for a successor of the same kind—or, not improbably, of quite another. For, except in its excellence of workmanship, it has little if any family likeness to the work with which its author's name is identified, and shows that Mr. Weyman is by no means among the novelists of a single string. "Sophia" is just as fresh in design, in portraiture, and in narrative power, as if he had never previously written a line. Told in the fewest possible words, it is the story of a girl who—for such things happened in 1742 no less than in 1900—imagined herself heroically in love with a plausible fortune-hunting blackguard; was nearly thrown into his arms for life by the opposition of her family; and was just saved by a combination of chances sufficiently romantic to find her heart fairly conquered by the worth and chivalry of the man whom she had chosen to regard as her enemy. This, and not adventure, is the backbone of the plot—not that lack of thoroughly exciting adventure can be complained of in the face of that nightmare of a journey to Lewes, when Sophia and her delightful little friend, Lady Betty Cochrane, all alone and astray among broken paths and flooded streams, have no refuge but a smallpox-stricken dwelling from the pursuit of the robbers, and worse, to whom they have been betrayed. Mr. Weyman, at his best, has never invented a more thrillingly effective situation. But there is not a single incident that is not probable, or at any rate made to appear so; and in any case the interest of the story centres upon the people themselves, irrespectively of what happens to them—especially upon the entirely natural transformation of a silly and romantic girl into a very brave and noble woman who is left on the straight road to becoming a wise one as well. In spite of its serious interest, however, the novel is essentially a comedy in form; and we had not the slightest previous suspicion that Mr. Weyman was possessed of so deft a touch and so light a hand. It is not to underrate any of his former work to congratulate him and his readers upon his new departure very cordially indeed.

## "JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND"

We like to meet Mr. S. R. Crockett best in Galloway. Still it is

impossible to help catching some portion of the pleasure which he must have felt in letting his imagination run free—we had almost said run riot—in his continuation of "The Red Axe" entitled "Joan of the Sword Hand" (Ward, Lock and Co.). The clash of great battles and of greater loves on the Baltic shore full five hundred years ago—practically as good for his purpose as Nowhere

striking—when, having believed that she had satisfactorily given her heart to the prince to whom she had been affianced from her birth but never seen, she stands before the altar and recognises the man she loves in the Cardinal and Archbishop who is there to marry her to the man she scorns. Her blunder—contrived with as much probability as the case allows—is nevertheless not so big as the resulting whirlwind which threatens more than once to carry away not only the reader but all the characters for whom he cares. But he never fails to foresee a happy end, even though he can never guess how, until, through a splendid self-devotion of even a finer hero than Joan, it comes. The novel sadly fails in humour—a point that would have been outstanding mention had it not been so persistently attempted. The two comic captains, for example, from whom the stage is seldom free, are purely and simply bores. Probably, however, this will not be noticed by the youthful readers of both sexes for whom the novel has been so sympathetically written, and whom it will assuredly be enjoyed. And "youthful" we do not necessarily mean those who are young in years.

## "THE MINX"

"Iota" (K. Mannington Caffyn) has made continuous improvement ever since she caught a notion by "A Yellow Aster"; and now "The Minx" (Hutchinson and Co.) carries her another step forward. Like its predecessors, it depends wholly and solely upon its unbroken stream of incident which shows no falling off either in quantity or quality, while her writing has made of remarkable strides in the course of the improvement for which there was originally ample room. Her principal talkers, notably angelic young Radical and a scarcely less than an angelic young Tory, are almost too collectively good and clever for the stage of a single village—one cannot wonder that the poor little agnes of seventeen (or thereabouts) found it hard to choose whether she should become the help-mate of the radical or the inspiration of the Tory. No would readers in general, we fancy, like the work the less for a touch, somewhere, of human imperfection, by way of a pinch of salt to give a flavour. But it is certainly—as talk—all very clever indeed.

## "MAITLAND OF CORTEZIA"

Mr. Francis Lavallin Puxley's "Maitland of Cortezia" (Grant Richards) is a sufficiently well told episode in the history of a British possession of South America, whose revolted inhabitants would have made short work of the Administrator had it not been that "at the eleventh hour Mother England had thrown her protecting arm over her children across the sea." At the same time, it need hardly be said that a fair Cortezian was not without her influence over the final rescue. The value of the tale mainly consists in its local colour, apparently derived from fact and applied to fancy.



This searchlight was captured by the troops under Sir Redvers Buller. The traction engine which worked it is seen on the right. The naval gunners amused themselves by dropping shells near it while it was working the night before it was captured, and promptly stopped its working.

## A CAPTURED BOER SEARCHLIGHT

and Never—gives him all the opportunity he requires; and in the girl-Duchess of Hohenstein he has even more than would have sufficed in the way of a heroine. The best and bravest soldier even in her own fighting land, she is none the less through and through a woman—as great of heart as she is strong and ready of hand. Certainly the situation from which the plot flows is sufficiently

# THE KEYNOTE OF CREATION-CHANGE!!

'Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree, or flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it would pass away.—Moore.

SOMETHING APPALLING!

MALARIAL FEVER!

WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES  
MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR  
WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE!

SHE KILLS, AND KILLS, AND IS NEVER  
TIRED OF KILLING, TILL SHE HAS  
TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON  
HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN—THAT  
NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY  
OBEYING HER.

MAN HAS HIS COURTESIES IN  
REVOLUTION AND WAR.

HE SPARES THE WOMAN AND CHILD.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL AND POPPY, ABOUT 450 B.C.

The Head of Plato is from an Ancient Marble Bust, discovered in Greece, now in the Museum at Rome.

BUT NATURE IS FIERCE WHEN SHE IS  
OFFENDED.

SHE SPARES NEITHER WOMAN nor CHILD.  
SHE HAS NO PITY, FOR SOME AWFUL,  
BUT MOST GOOD REASON.—Kingsley.

FOUR MILLION PERSONS DIE  
ANNUALLY OF FEVER, PRINCIPALLY  
MALARIAL, IN BRITISH INDIA ALONE,  
and if we take into consideration the numerous other  
dependencies situated in such

UNLOVABLE PLACES AS

THE GOLD COAST, THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, NEW GUINEA, BRITISH  
GUIANA, HONDURAS, AND THE WEST  
INDIES, THE TOTAL POPULATION  
STRUCK DOWN YEAR BY YEAR BY

MORE OR LESS PREVENTABLE FEVER  
MUST BE

SOMETHING APPALLING!—Observer

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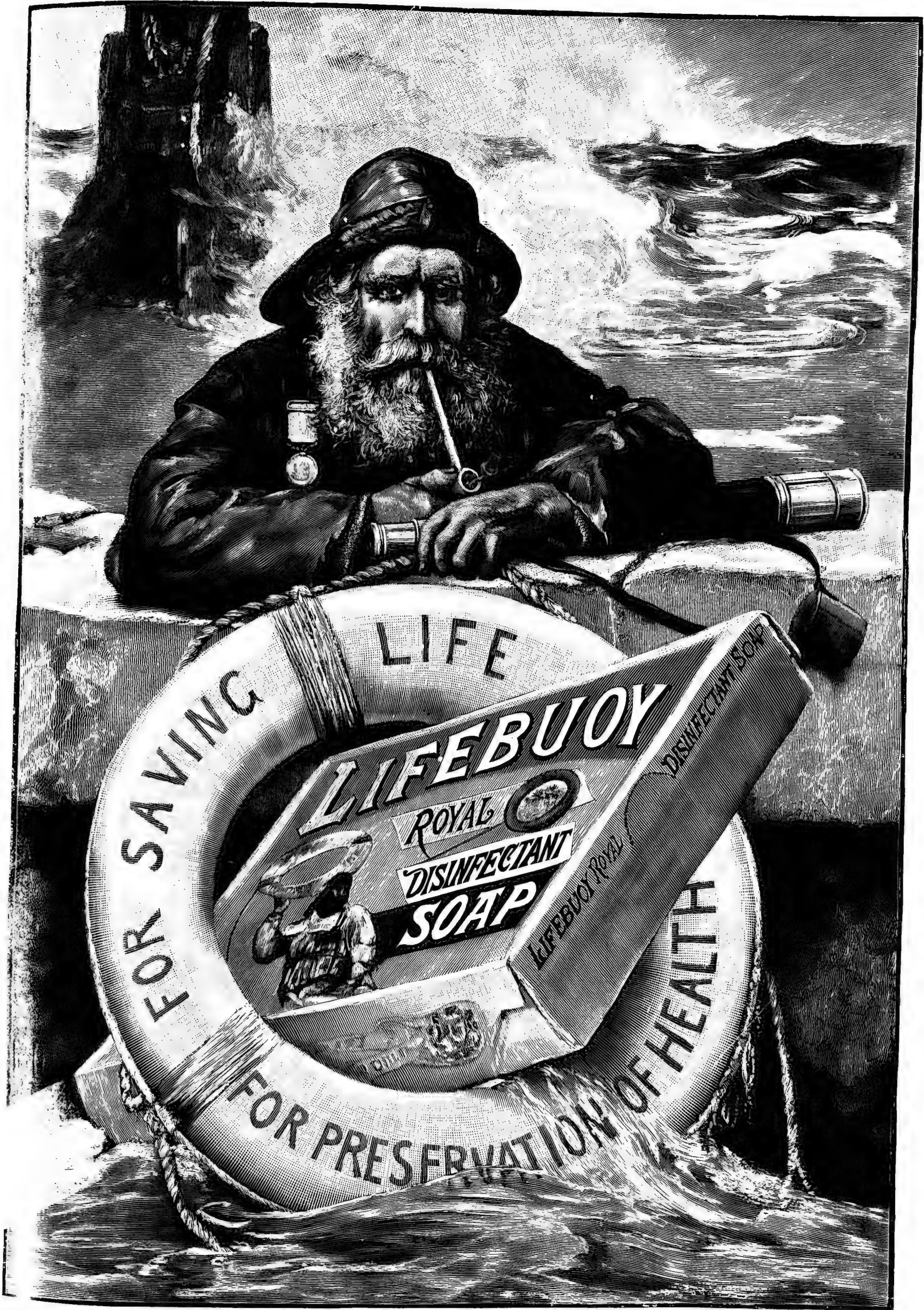
as aforesaid acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commodore A. J. LOFTUS, F.R.G.S., his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer, E. C. DAVIES, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883.

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being a Sovereign protection from the scourge of infection.

**Royal**

because it receives the homage of thousands, and reigns over numberless healthy and happy homes.

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## "Quo Vadis?"

By W. MOY THOMAS

THE American adapter, whose version of *Quo Vadis?* was brought out at the ADELPHI Theatre on Saturday evening, has evolved out of that widely popular romance of the days of Nero and the persecutions of the early Christians, a showy kind of melodrama in six acts, but he has not succeeded in concentrating the interest of the spectator upon the fortunes of his hero and heroine, who appear in the play to be rather hangers-on of the vast panorama of Roman life in those times than prime factors in the working out of the story. As in Mr. Wilson Barrett's *Sign of the Cross*, the theme is the conversion to Christianity of a somewhat wild and profligate young nobleman through his love for a woman who has embraced the Christian faith, and is inspired by an apostolic zeal. There is no mention, however, of iconoclastic attacks upon the Pagan altars and statues of marble and bronze, as in Corneille's *Polycrte*, which may be regarded as the prototype of plays of this class; and the gentle and beautiful Lygia's sorrows seem to arise not so much from her adoption of the new religion as from the

superstitious fury of the Empress Poppoea, who, suspecting her of causing the death of her infant child, by employing the arts of witchcraft, instigates one Chilo Chilonides, a Greek spy, to set on foot a plot for her destruction. Finally, the unoffending maiden is condemned to be "butchered to make a Roman holiday," or rather is consigned to the arena, there to be tied to the horns of a wild bull in the presence of the odious Emperor and his Court; but she is rescued from her peril by her muscular fellow-Christian, the athlete Ursus, and set free by the verdict of the Emperor and of the multitude in one of its merciful moods. This scene, however, is not visibly presented, for Mr. Stange, the American author, combines in a curious way a predilection for the commonplaces of melodrama with a respect for the Horatian canon which forbids the presentation of acts of violence *coram populo*. Thus, as will be seen, the play, following the romance of the Polish author on which it is founded, has what is called a "happy ending," which may possibly give it an advantage over the *Sign of the Cross*, whose hero and heroine, it will be remembered, finally go hand in hand to their inevitable doom. But the story of the love of Lygia for the Tribune Marcus Vinicius can hardly be said to take a firm hold upon the spectators' sympathies, partly for the reasons already noted, though, no doubt, in some

measure from the almost incessant noise and bustle which accompany each scene. There probably never was a play with more strenuous action, or one in which the numerous personages strove so hard to out-shout each other. Nevertheless, there was some excellent acting. Miss Lena Ashwell's Lygia is a very incarnation of simplicity and tenderness; Mr. Robert Taber's fervour, grand and elocutionary power serve him well in the part of Vinicius, by the way, from the Petronius of history—brought out the plex attributes of the character with a firm and harmonious touch. There was power, too, in Mr. Anson's grotesque sonation of Nero, and the majesty of Miss Wallis's Poppoea was finely blended with a sinister suggestiveness. Also worthy of mention in the long list of personages is Mr. Parry's impressive performance of Chilo, the Greek spy. It is in these advantages, combined with the remarkable pictures of the mounting, that the enthusiasm of the first night's audience be attributed. Mr. Hick's Nero's palace and gardens, Hemsley's view of the burning of Rome, as seen from the house of Linus's house, and the final scene of the exterior of the Arena, with all its ingenious arrangements, besides some others, are striking examples of scenic illusion.

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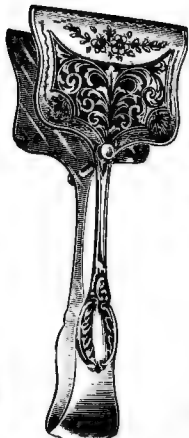
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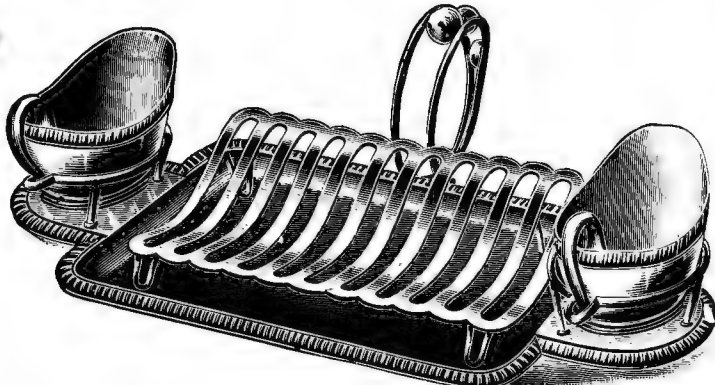
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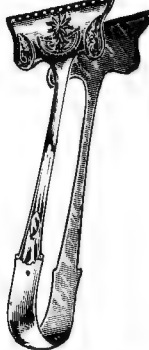
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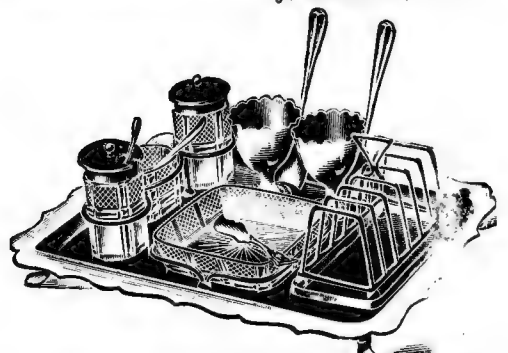
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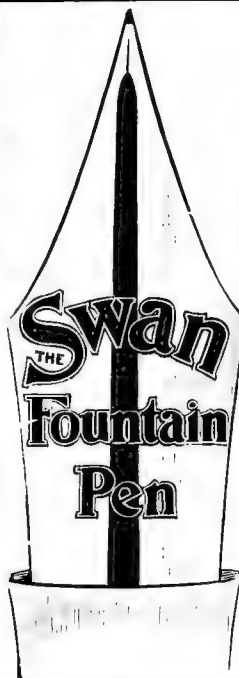


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Meanwhile the crowds in the streets were growing thicker and thicker. The people swarmed like bees, and a great many only kept with the utmost difficulty by the police. When at length the

or the  
sent, the  
crowd in

round the corner of Trafalgar Square on their way to the Embankment. There was one continuous roar of cheering from the masses who gathered to see the jubilee procession, being

the crowds the bulk of the would-be spectators could see nothing of the procession, but everyone cheered in spite of disappointment. Such crowds have never been seen in the city, the masses who gathered to see the jubilee procession being small in comparison.

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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

At last the swifts are with us, and they may be seen flitting and wheeling round those country church towers and spires which hardly seem complete without them. The first that we saw was on the 5th inst., and on the same day the lilac, both white and purple varieties, was in flower in a Thames Valley garden, where the date observed last year was nearly a fortnight earlier. The beautiful purple flags are in free offer in Covent Garden, but in a garden where they flowered on April 22 in 1890 not one was out as late as the 7th inst. The same irises in the same garden flowered on April 27 in 1889, on April 30 in 1894, on the same day in 1898, on May 1 in 1897, and on May 8 last year. The great beds of purple flags in Rossetti's old garden at Cheyne Walk "used always to flower on his birthday," May 12, and it was one of his many delightful superstitions that they were not delayed or expedited by the season like other flowers. The truth is that plant life in spring comes on very irregularly, some growths being more affected by cold nights than are others, while the depth to which their roots go has also a good deal to do with it. Thus on May 5, 1890, a note before us shows that the limes were well out, the lilac beginning to flower, and apple trees in full blossom. On May 5, 1900, we had the curiosity to visit the garden where these notes were made. The lilac was fully out, but the apple was only coming into bloom, and the limes were simply in early leaf-bud. The question of early or late springs being desirable remains unsettled. In 1896 we gathered wheatears in a field near Ramsgate. The crop was a poor one. To-day wheatears are not likely to be met with before June 15, if then. But this also is regarded as unfavourable. On June 1, 1898, not a wheatear was found anywhere, the southern markets, at which such ears are wont to be shown, reporting the exception. The temperature was only 51 degs., and the year was reckoned three weeks later. But the wheat crop was thirty-five bushels to the acre, and the barley was the best quality since 1874. The prosaic conclusion is that even at the very end of May the crops of the year are capable of full and satisfactory development. At the same time it must be remembered that the odds against a good result increase with every week of backwardness.

## THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The "picture of the year," as many are terming the great Orchard-

son group, has been bought by the Royal Agricultural Society, or, we hope, presented to them, for losses of 8,000*l.* in two years would hardly seem to warrant an extra outlay which would bring those "four figures" well up to five. The arrangements for the York show are practically complete. It will be held on the Knavesmire from 16th to 22nd June. Entries of live stock, poultry and produce are already very satisfactory, and implements are expected to be a specially good display. Owing to the spread of swine fever to Yorkshire the entries of pigs have had to be refused. It has been decided to meet at Cardiff in 1901, and in the N.W., probably at Manchester, in 1902. With this show the peripatetic arrangement is expected to end, and some central town like Leicester or Rugby will be fixed upon as a definite home. The partisans of the old system have been completely out-voted. The Society has voted 250*l.* for agricultural relief. The anniversary general meeting has been fixed for the 22nd inst.

## THE PARISH BOOK

With the new century why should not each parish start a parish book? The value of such volumes would grow with each year, and the records might be signed by the different observers, entries being made under supervision of the Parish Council. The changes in country parishes on which towns are encroaching would be especially full of significance. The fall or destruction of historic trees, bridges, and monuments should be chronicled, and the mere fact of a record being kept might often prevent an unpopular act. The photographer is an ally not to be underestimated, and a glance over some score of water-colours representing Sussex towns and villages in 1807 has recently reminded us how the minor artist alters and often quite misrepresents. How can we trust such sketches for that which has disappeared when what is still standing is hardly to be recognised? The parish book should contain the photographs of the rector, churchwardens, parish councillors, and of any celebrity dying within the parish, while the rainfall, signs of the seasons and local crop yields should all be noted.

## THE NEGLECTED FARM

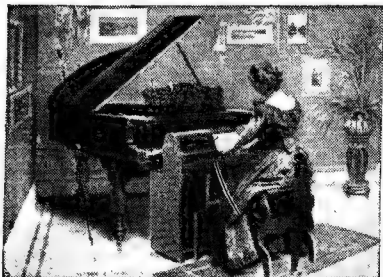
What is to be done with neglected agricultural land? We do not refer to reclamation or new enterprise of any sort, but to simple prevention of weeds grown on neglected land spreading over well-farmed fields? The evil is a most practical difficulty, for a man may hire a good farm and keep it up well till the death of a

neighbour throws adjacent land out of culture, and in a single season of neglect enough weeds will spring up to spread all over the well-kept farm. More often than not such land is awaiting a purchaser or is in Chancery, or has to be divided between parties not all of them on the spot or able to meet for the purpose. In the Isle of Man, which enjoys Home Rule, a law is in force which enables the farmer to claim damages from the owner of neglected land, but the letting value of land in the rural parts of that island is so very low that we get no real guide as to what would follow on such a law in England. If it caused forced sales of property as soon as it became vacant, the effect would be to make farms dangerous neighbour properties, and increase present tendencies of owners to keep land in hand and simply go in for pasture.

## Sir John Tenniel

WHEN one considers that many of those who were boys and girls when the great cartoonist of *Punch* was first amusing and instructing the world are now grand-parents, and that in their grand-parental they still look to the same magic pencil and fertile imagination for their mental diversion and improvement, one can appreciate in degree the influence this unique artist possesses and the length of time he has exercised it. For close upon half a century has Sir John Tenniel been connected with *Punch*, and during the greater part of that time he has been cartoonist-in-chief to the paper, and since he accepted the post the occasions of his absence may, we are inclined to think, be reckoned on one hand. The collection of one hundred and sixty drawings by Sir John, now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, represent for the most part the originals of the cartoons that have appeared in *Punch* during the last fifty years. It is true there is nothing that is unfamiliar to us; we find ourselves amid a lot of old friends with whom we have had not only many a hearty laugh, but occasionally a serious thought, during the last lustrum, and we are glad to meet those old friends again and find them looking better than ever. For however carefully the artist's work is reproduced, one never can appreciate the exquisite workmanship and grace of line so well as in these original pen drawings. Many of these were done at the age of eighty, and the whole collection is a distinct triumph for one of the most popular week-day preachers.

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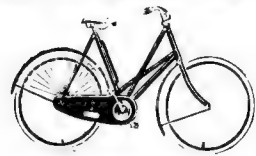


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## Books of Reference

"Don's Parliamentary Companion" (Whittaker and Co.), which has reached its seventy-sixth issue, is a very compact little volume, giving short biographies of the members of both houses, and the results of the general and subsequent by-elections. During 1899 there were 24 changes in the House of Commons, and six new peerages were created, while two (Penzance and Truro) have become extinct. "Dod" is well up to date and thoroughly trustworthy.—"The Literary Year Book and Bookman's Directory" (George Allen) has been improved greatly under the editorship of Mr. Herbert Morris. The first part of the book is a general record of the work of the year 1899 in the literary world. A chapter is devoted to book sales, the best books of the year receive critical notices, there is a chapter devoted to the new plays produced, an obituary, and an excellent discussion on copyright during the past year and its present position brings the first part to a close. The second part is devoted to useful directories of authors, artists, publishers, agents, and libraries.—"The Clergy List" (Kelly's Directories, Limited), a new edition of which is just published, has not increased in size so much as it has done in previous years. The number of pages included in the first part—the general Alphabetical List of the Clergy—has risen from 1,084 to 1,100; while the number of pages in the second

and third parts is 726, as against 714 last year. The book is capitally arranged for reference.—"The Annual Charities Register and Digest" (Longmans, Green and Co.), is a valuable classified register of charities in or available for the metropolis, together with a digest of information respecting the legal, voluntary, and other means for the prevention and relief of distress, and the improvement of the condition of the poor. Mr. C. S. Loch occupies some 180 pages with an introduction, in which he deals with the whole subject of charitable relief. The need for inquiry, the management of institutions, the injury done by wholesale charity, the administration of the Poor Laws, the duties of guardians, outdoor relief, the legal responsibility of relations, emigration, and kindred problems form the subjects of Mr. Loch's interesting essay.—"The Australian Handbook" (Gordon and Gotch), now published for the thirty-first successive year, is a most useful book. Descriptions are given of each Colony (including New Zealand, Fiji, and New Guinea), with maps, showing the progress of trade, shipping, mining, and commerce generally; also a concise account of every town in Australasia will be found, in which the number of banks, hotels, schools, churches, arts, with the staple trades, industries, and populations. On page 126 a complete copy of the Draft of a Bill "To constitute the Commonwealth of Australia" is set forth. The "Colonial Buyers' Guide to Manufacturers and Shippers" contains the names of the chief firms

doing business in the Colonies.—The thirty-seventh edition of "Every Man's Own Lawyer" (Crosby, Lockwood, and Son) has been brought well up to date, and includes the legislation of 1899, the changes thereby made in the law being duly noted. The volume being intended chiefly for non-professionals, is written in plain language, technical terms being avoided, or if used, carefully explained.—"Morison's Chronicle of the Year's News of 1899" (Morison Brothers, Glasgow) is a most useful book, and in its own line is without a rival. The events of the year are arranged under the various dates, the volume being a complete diary of important occurrences.—"The Nuttall Encyclopedia" (F. Warne and Co.) uniform with the "Nuttall Dictionary," and, like that work, edited by the Rev. James Wood. The volume contains 700 pages, and costs only 3s. 6d. For a single-volume encyclopedia the book is admirable, and should be a boon to those who have not access to a larger work.—A useful guide to the Press is "Street's Newspaper Directory" (British, Foreign, and Colonial Advertising Offices), which is simple in its arrangement and easy of reference.—"Vickers's Newspaper Gazetteer" (J. Vickers) treats the same subject in a slightly different way. The first part of the book is a gazetteer of the newspapers of the United Kingdom, the places being arranged alphabetically and the population of each being given. The second part is devoted to magazines.

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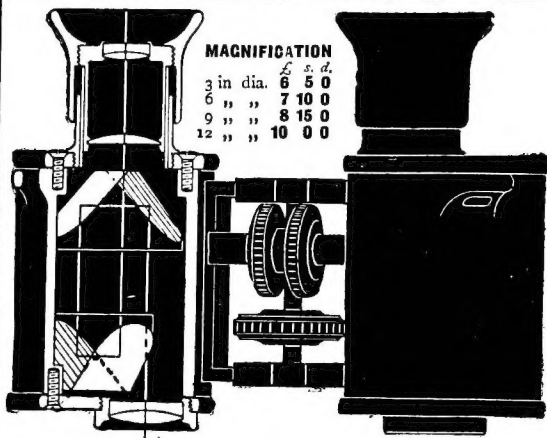
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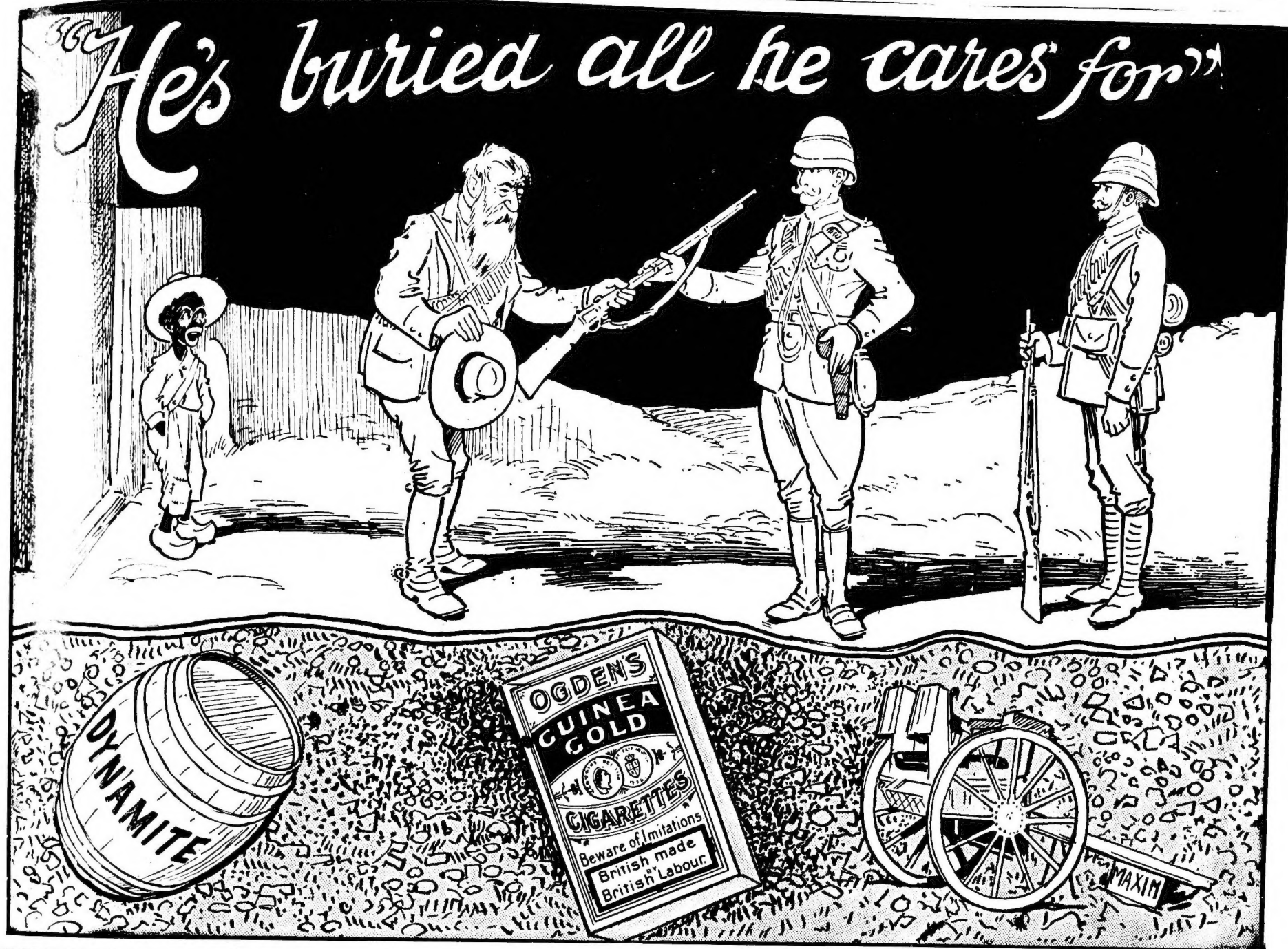


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